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DECEMBER 6, 1948

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WINTER comes on apace. Starlings twitter in the marble eaves of government buildings at early sundown. Christmas decorations fill the Fourteenth Street shops. Harry Truman's inaugural stand is completed on the broad stairway that spills down to the esplanade from the great, domed Capitol. A movie tower on iron stilts faces the stand to record the ceremony. There was a plan to have the newsmen who made erroneous predictions shuffle along in chains in the Inaugural Parade. This idea has now been abandoned. Who would have been left to write the story?



We haven't said much about the Un-American Activities Committee recently. Events were commenting better than we could. Two committee members were trounced in the elections. Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, who changed his name from Feeny, is under indictment on a particularly shabby salary "kickback" charge; he is pleading the constitutional right against self-incrimination which he denounced when used by others. But the committee's work goes on. The Loyalty Review Board is still debating the case of William Remington, who is on forced leave from the Commerce Department's Office of International Trade. Charges were made against him by Elizabeth T. Bentley, so-called "Soviet spy queen." The Review Board has twice invited her to testify. She has refused. Remington's attorneys are unable to find her to serve papers in a \$100,000 slander suit.

What a crew this Thomas witness group was! All self-confessed spies or Communists lionized by Red-baiters. They included Bentley; Budenz, now a Fordham professor; Whittaker Chambers, ex-Communist senior editor of *Time* magazine, who wrote a piece for *Life* a while back, interviewing the Devil. Chambers has a libel suit on his

hands, too. The headlines of July make the slander suits of December.

We should like to adopt a tone of gentle raillery and urbane detachment about all this, but we get to thinking of Harry D. White. He came to the US Treasury in 1934, served 12 years and became Assistant Secretary, leaving in 1946. He was as good and faithful a servant as this country ever had. He was smeared by Miss Bentley, but was one of the few victims who got a chance to reply. He sent a private note to Thomas at the start of the hearings explaining he had a bad heart and asking that at

the end of each 50 minutes he be given a chance to rest ten minutes. Thomas, with his usual brutality, read the note scornfully aloud to the crowded room and contemptuously disregarded the plea. White demolished the Bentley-Chambers charges, but at a physical cost. Three days later he was dead.

How much longer the public can stomach the Un-American Activities Committee we don't know. In 12 years of investigation, it has made recommendations for legislation only three times and none of its suggestions has been enacted. In America, events still have a way of catching up with people of this sort. But moral indignation has a place in democracy, too. We consider this committee the real cause of the death of Harry White. We think these men should search their consciences. It was Thomas who roared at a witness in closed session: "The rights you have are the rights given you by this committee. We will determine what rights you have got and what rights you have not got before this committee." What can one say of the political party or the rules of Congress that put a man like this at the head of a major investigation?

The other day we heard a high military official talking about the Chinese

WHY

the stock market

went DOWN

In the first few days after election, the stock market broke more heavily than at any time in the preceding two years.

When you add those losses to more recent ones, you get close to a \$7 billion dollar post-election decline of all Exchange stocks.

Many explanations have been offered, but in our opinion only one stands out.

Speculators in stocks of giant corporations which own and rule so much of America knew the election was a signal—

—a signal that **FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS THIS GOVERNMENT WOULD BE OPERATED PRIMARILY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE.**

They saw that the Second New Deal was about to begin.

Like the first one, its purpose will be not to overturn private capitalism but *to save it* from the excesses of greedy men which constitute the worst peril to our economy.

The *Roosevelt* New Deal consisted chiefly of ideas which had been hammered out for years past by liberals, many of them in the pages of *New Republic*.

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crisis. He was obviously struggling for the truth of the matter. He laid down the facts with brutal frankness. The armies of Chiang and the Communists, he said, were about equal in numbers and equipment. He loathed the Communists. But they won the battles. They did, he said, simply because they thought they had something to fight for; Chiang's troops didn't. Up to this point, the speaker was firm and impressive. Then he got to suggesting what Chiang's troops should be told. One thing he proposed was "free enterprise."

Somehow the idea of NAM missionaries going out to persuade Chiang's men to sell their lives dearly for good old free enterprise strikes us as impractical. This is a pretty big struggle we are engaged in. As far as this column goes, our heart is all on the side of Americanism as we conceive it. But isn't it about time we defined terms? If there is anything in real "Americanism" which cannot accommodate itself to democratic European socialism, for example, we fear the contest with the Politburo is already lost. As for the Chinese, we suggest that instead of free enterprise we try exporting a doctrine that in its day had an amazing grip on the humble and disinherited: the economic tenets of early Christianity.

Notes. Harold G. Moulton, head of the Brookings Institution, is retiring soon, we understand. Under him it has become one of the most conservative right-wing organizations in the country. . . . Vandenberg is as much opposed to wholesale aid to Chiang at this time as Marshall. . . . Justice Douglas' speech before the CIO convention on the role of labor in improving democratic world understanding was one of the finest things we ever read. . . . Marshall's invitation to France to sit in on Ruhr control in advance of the completion of Trizonia may be followed by other conciliatory steps. . . . Businessmen are worried by Christmas shopping figures; dollar sales are below last year's so far—the first slump in 11 years.

Washington

T. R. B.

**THE RUHR IS LABOR'S BUSINESS**

THE NOVEMBER ELECTION can be the greatest event for world peace since the United Nations Charter was signed. It makes possible a working friendship with the USSR and a working federation of the democracies.

Beneath the formal unity of the major parties, issues of conflicting world policy were at stake in November. They concerned the full use of American resources for world recovery; the extent and kind of political intervention abroad; the control and development of atomic energy; an attitude toward socialism. The vindication of the Vinson Mission, which the Republicans made a major campaign issue, directs America to an active search for peace.

For the Soviet government also, our election is a major event. The anticipated triumph of reaction in America meant ultimate dangers, but immediate benefits in political warfare, for the USSR. Now, the election of a government committed to win permanent prosperity by national planning brings closer to decision the unsolved conflict within Russia between adherence to the UN Charter and its doctrine of peaceful coexistence of differing societies, and adherence to Marxism and its diametrically opposed doctrine of capitalist collapse and world revolution.

Under the spell of outworn Marxist theory, the Soviet government may slavishly cling to the belief that our democracy is illusory, our mandate for reform without significance or hope of success, our major political parties incapable of enlightened action, our people condemned, by inevitable disasters, to fascism or revolution. Ultimately, this attitude could make real the nightmare it conjures up. It can lead to the halting of economic progress; the restoration of a war economy; the formation of a Western alliance dedicated to war preparation; the nullification of the promise of November, 1948.

The alternative for the Soviet government is to take a positive stand on that promise and to aid in its fulfillment by a constructive attitude toward our common problems of economic recovery and political cooperation. It means an inner acknowledgment of the strength of genuine democratic forces in America; their capacity to solve America's problems, and their desire for peace.

Just as Soviet good will can strengthen liberalism here, American policy can encourage peaceful elements

in the USSR. The Soviet government has suggested new talks among the heads of governments. In the belief that the Soviet government negotiates when it is weak, and that its position in Berlin is growing weaker, we have made no response. We should respond by publishing our agenda for any conference and the principles on which a settlement can be reached.

A new spirit in American-Soviet relations can be created by next spring. A real friendship may take years to establish. Meanwhile, a working federation of the democracies is the best way to avoid war. In the past the greatest barrier to this federation has been fear in Europe of an American depression and American hostility to social reform. Our election can bring this federation into being.

Economic federation was begun in the organization for European economic recovery. Political federation was sanctioned in the Brussels Pact. Military federation is approaching in the North Atlantic Alliance which the Senate will soon be asked to confirm. If this federation fails, and if negotiations with Russia fail, the reason will be our policy in Germany.

At Potsdam in 1945 we looked at Germany in the light of Allied unity. We undertook to restrict German production by powerful controls. At London in 1948 we looked at Germany in the light of the cold war. We set out to maximize German production, with inadequate controls.

In Western Germany, we created a state of 45 million hard-working, skilled people with great natural resources and a highly developed industry—factors which twice have engendered war. Once this area produced a quarter of Europe's industrial wealth. Now it produces one-tenth. Its exports are nine percent of 1938 levels. Yet it is cut off by blockade and counter blockade from the regions which provided 40 percent of its food—Eastern Europe, the Soviet zone and the German areas which are now part of Poland. So far Western German standards of 1,800 calories a day have been maintained by more than \$1 billion of American supplies each year plus further subsidies from Britain.

As Military Governor, General Clay committed America to holding rigid ceilings on German production and to dismantling 800 German plants suitable

for war production. But when the greatly increased goals for European production were set, greater German production became essential, and Paul Hoffman, as ECA Administrator, was empowered to recommend revision of the dismantling program. Today American policy is passing into the hands of men who regard General Clay and General Draper as fellow travelers of Henry Morgenthau. Western Germany, they maintain, must either expand its production by the greatest possible effort, or it must be kept as a permanent slum, on a dole, by a country whose resources are already overtaxed. They are forcing through all-out production, regardless of its political consequences.

The goals for Western Germany, now proposed by ECA, require an enormous expansion of output. Coal production is to be increased from 310,000 to 425,000 tons a day. Three million housing units are to be produced. Agricultural production is to be nationalized and increased by all-out production of nitrogen fertilizer—in plants equally suited to produce explosives. Exports are to be quadrupled in four years. With this program the dollar deficit can be reduced from more than \$1 billion to \$72 million. The nature of exports is to be changed from coal, coke and timber to manufactured products. Under the new currency, Western Germany's production rose from 42 percent of 1936 to 70 percent between June and November. To sustain such increases involves many dangerous decisions.

It means scrapping the present production ceilings and setting new ceilings, which, in the case of steel, at the proposed 14-million-ton level, go far toward restoring German industrial dominance in Europe.

It means scrapping the dismantling program. This certainly is the intention of Hoffman's advisory committee—five presidents of large industrial corporations, most of which have substantial interests in Germany.

It means major political concessions to the Germans.

The key to German production is the Ruhr. A tremendous increase in the capacity and the productivity of its mines is needed to meet the proposed goals.

Our government believes that this is impossible under international control both because the Russians will share in this control and because German miners, managers and technicians will not work for an international authority. We have broken the Ruhr industries down from three cartels to thirty. Now we have placed them under German managers who will act as trustees until the ownership is determined by a future German government.

If these ways we are placing enormous power in the hands of Germany. As guarantees that this power will not be used for oppression, we are relying on the power

to allocate Ruhr production given to the international authority, the agreement of Britain, France and America of June, 1948, to keep Germany disarmed, and the proposed North Atlantic pact.

To France, invaded three times by Germany in the memory of the living, these guarantees are totally inadequate. The French point out that by 1952 Germany's war potential will be at least equal to her own; that the Americans and Germans can outvote all others on the international authority; that by granting now to a future German government the right to determine the future ownership of the Ruhr, we are making a mockery of a peace treaty and ensuring the resurgence of an aggressive Germany. France has declared that she considers null and void the action of Britain and America on the Ruhr, and she has threatened to invoke her treaty with Britain to reverse this decision.

To us it seems clear that French fears, which the Soviet government must share, are entirely justified, and that the Ruhr decision endangers the entire future of a settlement of the democratic federation. It represents the worst kind of pennywise policy, in which in our mad rush to cut down a billion-dollar expenditure in Germany, we are making inevitable expenditures of \$25 billion a year in a developing armaments race.

There is no peace in the pastoralization of Germany, although her recovery should be subordinate always to the recovery of Western Europe. There is inadequate security, as France rightly foresees, in the assurances of a nation 3,000 miles away. Europe's only protection against 45 million unregenerate Germans is the unity of 130 million Western Europeans. Quite rightly, Ernest Bevin has argued against a parliamentary approach to European federation.

Political and constitutional federation will come as the proper expression of a functioning economic, social and military union. This also is the only solution to the problem of Germany. "Germans," as a recent Labor Party declaration states, "will never participate wholeheartedly in Western Union if they alone are subjected to controls from which all the other partners are free. This dilemma can only be resolved if all the basic industries of Western Europe are subjected to international control. For this reason the rapid extension of economic planning under Western Union offers the best . . . chance of solving the German problem."

This is the goal toward which America should be working. We shall never succeed as long as our world policy remains in present hands. The control of the industries of the Ruhr is as much a part of labor's concern and labor's responsibility following the November victory as the control of the price of meat.

THE WEEK

The Broad Middle Way

PORTLAND, OREGON

THE DIKE OF UNITY, which had been cracking since the Atlantic City conclave of 1946, burst wide open here during the CIO's tenth annual convention. Hopes that agreement might be reached between right and left wings were blasted with Philip Murray's opening words, for the former apostle of unity went gunning for the left wing with unprecedented violence.

When Murray demanded that "Communists stand up and be counted like men on the floor of this convention," excited grins came to the faces of Walter Reuther, James Carey and Emil Rieve, sitting behind him on the stage of the Masonic Temple auditorium. Most of the delegates cheered, and Reuther cried, "Give 'em hell, Phil."

Truman's victory and Wallace's poor showing brought the right wing into the convention determined to lay it on the left. Before the election, there had been a feeling that the leftists were the CIO's only effective doorbell ringers and precinct workers. Almost every top CIO leader but Murray had counted Truman out. The election disproved all this, and the jubilant victors flocked across the country to Republican Oregon to make the most of their triumph.

Everything appeared to be stacked against the left wing. William O. Douglas, first Supreme Court Justice in US history to speak to a labor convention, gave ideological approval to the attack on the leftists. "The Communists seek by infiltration to pervert it [labor] to their own ends," he said. Later he added, "American labor can teach class-conscious groups the folly of class warfare."

Leftists were booed every time they spoke. If they exceeded the time limit of debate, they were frequently gavelled down, but right wingers were given all the time they needed. When Abe Feinglass, Fur Workers' delegate,

spoke against the Marshall Plan, there were mutterings. It was a strange atmosphere for a CIO convention.

The left wing tried to fight back. Don Henderson, Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers' president, countered with a minority-report attack against Murray's stewardship. James Durkin, president of the UOPWA and ex-leader of the New York City CIO Council, whose charter was revoked the day before the convention, supported him. But they merely set off the most devastating rout the leftists have ever suffered in the CIO. On every issue—political action, foreign policy, organizational methods and wage policy—they were engulfed in a sea of right-wing votes.

All the convention's fervor seemed to be directed to chastising the leftists. When Labor Secretary Maurice Tobin and Oregon's Republican Senator Wayne Morse demanded repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, the delegates merely applauded politely. Discussion of other domestic issues—low-cost housing, wage increases and inflation-stopping measures—was cursory.

Toward the end of the convention even Murray seemed tired of the Red-baiting. "Thousands of CIO dollars have been wasted," he complained, "by this bickering with the leaders of unions that represent only a fraction of our membership." But he had flatly warned the left wing to get into line with CIO policy. The right wing was divided on the alternative. The powerful faction headed by Reuther and Rieve and George Boldanzi of the Textile Workers was all for kicking them out of the CIO and making it a strictly non-Communist labor movement. Murray opposed this.

Murray wanted to woo or scare as many leftists as possible without driving any unions out of the CIO. His

choice of conservative Portland as a convention city had been smart. In Seattle, San Francisco or the East, he would have had to contend with large and loud groups of local leftists.

He shrewdly attacked the left wing at its weakest point—the inept leadership in the smaller unions which had been neglecting trade unionism for political activity. He spoke sarcastically of the Food Workers, whose membership had declined from 54,000 to 24,000 in a year, and of the UOPWA and the Public Workers whose leaders, he said, "had done nothing to build their own unions, yet had spent the convention's valuable time making long manifestations of protest against CIO policy." He also censured the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees, who have been falling apart. Their president, Sam Wolchok, is a right-winger.

Murray demanded and got authority which allows the executive board to investigate these unions and to take any action needed to bring about effective organization. This provided him with the power to purge the leadership of any union that lagged in its organizational drive. Murray was worried that Abe Flaxer's Public Workers might be placed on Attorney General Tom Clark's subversive list, which would be a blow to the whole CIO. He also wanted to get rid of Jim Durkin, whom he referred to as "dry rot." Durkin said defiantly that he expected to remain in the CIO.

Of the prosperous left-wing unions—UE, Fur Workers and ILWU—Murray said nothing. He found fault only with their leaders' political activities.

At the halfway point, the leader of the biggest left-wing union, Albert Fitzgerald, president of the UE, made a friendly gesture toward the right wing. While strenuously defending his right to political freedom (he had been chairman of the labor committee

for Wallace), he said that, "If Truman makes a sincere effort to carry out his campaign promises, I'll tell the Progressive Party to go to hell and get on the Truman bandwagon." He added that he thought Vishinsky and Molotov were "saber rattlers" and "warmongers."

Fitzgerald's words set the convention hall buzzing. Had he suddenly "got religion" like Joe Curran and Mike Quill? Or was he just trying to hold onto his job as a CIO vice-president? Or was this to be the left wing's new approach? No one knew, but a campaign to woo Fitz and his 600,000 Electrical Workers started immediately. He was reelected vice-president. The UAW, having relinquished its claim to airline mechanics in favor of Quill's Transit Workers because "it is no longer Communist-dominated," seemed ready to offer the same bait to the UE, which has lost several thousand members to the UAW. Insiders were betting Fitz would be in the right wing within six months.

After the shouting had died away, the question was where the left wing goes from here. Durkin replied, "We'll cross that one when the time comes. Until then we're in the CIO." Ben Gold said, "The left wing doesn't want to leave the CIO; neither do we expect to be destroyed inside it. We'll take a beating, as we've done before, and in the end those who oppose us will wind up taking our program again."

Despite these brave words, many observers were inclined to take a dim view of the left wing's future. During the next year the battle for its membership will be intensified. Murray's denunciations will provide ammunition for the right-wing minorities in leftist unions. Many thought that this was the beginning of the end for the left wing.

The right-wing determination to dump the leftists was so strong that the convention refused to condemn raiding inside CIO ranks. This has been one of Murray's worst problems. There has been an increasing tendency for right-wing locals in leftist unions

to bolt into right-wing unions—particularly from the FE and the UE into the UAW. Murray doesn't like it. Southern locals of the leftist Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have been after Murray for some time to get into the Steelworkers, but he has said no. Yet, when faced with the question of locals of other unions joining right-wing unions or leaving the CIO, Murray has wearily accepted the former as the lesser evil.

At this convention, Murray said he did not condone raiding. Director of Organization Allan Haywood stood firmly with the leftists on this point. But most of the delegates rose, cheering, when Boldanzi cried, "These aren't raids; they're revolts of the workers against Communist domination."

It surprised many that the convention, for all its loud sentiment for the leftists to "Get in line with CIO policy or get out," did not pass a resolution making majority rule on political activity binding on all international unions. Left-wing leaders had admitted that it hurt the PAC when all unions didn't follow its policy, but contended that this was a "natural weakness of democracy."

Curiously, it was the extreme right wing headed by Reuther which was opposed to a majority-rule resolution. Associates of Reuther say he hasn't given up his announced third-party plans. When the day comes to launch them, he won't want to be bound by majority rule of the CIO.

Although Murray did not express his view on the convention floor, he apparently admitted privately that he believed in majority rule on political issues. At an executive board meeting before the convention began, he remarked, "If you don't have a majority rule, you might as well abolish PAC."

The convention theme—"organizing the unorganized"—was obscured by the political pyrotechnics, but substantial help was given the Southern organizational drive with the raising of the per-capita tax from five cents to eight cents. This, plus the hoped-for T-H repeal, is expected to create a great surge of organizing activity.

While the spectacular spanking of the leftists caught everybody's eye, the historical significance of this convention seemed to be the fact that the CIO had more strongly than ever before committed itself to middle-way liberalism. The CIO hopes to emerge in the next four years as the most important extra-political organization in America.

While it had not done, as many of its delegates seemed to think, what the British Labor Party had accomplished, it had been a major factor in the Democratic victory and was now preparing to enjoy the spoils. To ensure that nothing went wrong with its plans, Murray apparently felt that the time had come to repudiate the leftists who had been so important to the CIO in its formative years. The CIO showed plainly that it intended, in the words of Justice Douglas, to "prove by its own accomplishments that human welfare and progress can be achieved without class warfare." The sandy-haired Oregonian was pointing the way for the CIO when he said, "Today labor, better than any other element in our society, can weld the democrats of the world into a group within its power to guide Western civilization, neither to the Right nor to the Left, but down the broad middle highway to abundance, to security and to peace." This was the road the CIO seemed determined to take.

JOE MILLER

FROM CANTON TO CANTON

SHANGHAI

The evils of the Chiang Kai-shek dynasty finally are rending it apart, repeating a historic Chinese pattern. While Chiang has been army commander, Kuomintang leader and the nation's President in name, he has in effect wielded power with the totalitarianism of China's emperors.

In common with many other short-lived dynasties, Chiang's has had notable aspects: successful campaigns against Northern warlords, unification of most of the country, a stubborn stand against the Japanese. But the misery of the peasants and workers,

high taxes and rents, discriminatory conscription and oppression by officials and the military have been Chiang's undoing.

Often in China's history the oppressed people have overthrown tyrant emperors with the aid of conquerors from north of the Great Wall. Inspiration for revolt again comes from the North. Communism finds ready disciples among people who long ago decided that anything was better than what they were suffering.

There is a prognosticator's field day here, with most guesses ranging from three weeks to three months for the evacuation of Nanking, perhaps even for the total collapse of the government. While Chiang's armies may have temporarily halted the Communists at Suchow, other Red troops are reported within 100 miles of Nanking. Meanwhile the Communists are mopping up the little of North China still left in government hands, with Peiping likely to go at any moment.

Nothing can stop the Communists, except US troops. More US billions, planes, artillery, bullets won't do it. Most qualified observers believe that not even US soldiers would be enough against the high-spirited Red army, which is ably directed, knows the terrain, and apparently has the people behind it. Americans and other Westerners are beginning to leave the threatened areas. More significant is the flight of Chinese southward to Canton and British Hong Kong, especially of moneyed Chinese. "*Wan la*—it is finished," they tell you, and they ought to know.

For those remaining behind, the great question is how the Communists will treat them. There are insistent reports that during the last year the Communists have called off persecution of the middle classes, liquidating only "bureaucratic capitalists and Kuomin-

tang tyrants." A Communist spokesman at Hong Kong assured me that US and other foreign business would be allowed to continue on "a basis of equality."

As for the kind of government the Communists have in mind, their current propaganda is that they are considering Marshal Li Chi-sen, a non-Communist left-winger, as president of a coalition. In Hong Kong, the Marshal told me he believed the Communists would not attempt to dominate the government. But many Chinese remember Czechoslovakia.

A Nanking spokesman has denied that the government has plans to leave the city, but most observers believe Chiang and his men will soon get out, unless they get caught in Nanking by an unexpectedly rapid Communist advance. The financier, T. V. Soong, for a year has been governor of Kwangtung Province, and apparently has been preparing Canton as Chiang's final bastion. If Chiang moves there, it will be one of history's ironies, for it was from Canton that the young, radical Chiang 22 years ago led his Kuomintang army to his first victories.

WALTER BRIGGS

LESSON IN LABOR LAW

The longshoremen's strike, which tied up Atlantic ports for nearly three weeks and interrupted Marshall Plan shipments, was a case study in the futility of the Taft-Hartley Act's "national emergency" sections.

Every step in the T-H procedure for stopping an emergency strike was followed in the case of the International Longshoremen's Association. An injunction was obtained and mediation was attempted during the compulsory "cool-off" period. The New York Shipping Association made a so-called "final offer" near the end of the 80-day cool-off. The workers rejected this "final offer," whereupon the shipping companies hastily revised the offer upward. Even though "King" Joseph J. Ryan, the union president, approved the new proposed settlement, the rank and file once more turned it down. Then they hit the streets.

The settlement the workers finally approved was worked out through the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, headed by Cyrus S. Ching, and it made the original "final offer" of the shippers look ridiculous. By turning down the first "final offer" and going on strike, the longshoremen got hourly wage increases of 13 cents instead of 10 cents, better vacation terms, six hours of guaranteed pay on a job instead of four hours, a welfare fund, and back pay to August 1.

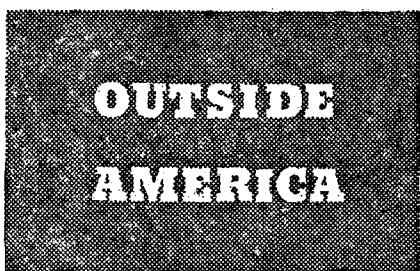
The important point, in considering new labor legislation, was that all the T-H machinery, used to its full extent, simply interfered with the collective-bargaining process. Members of the War Labor Board, representing the public, almost unanimously stated, just before the T-H bill became law, that this machinery would fail. They stated that wartime experience with the 30-day cool-off period, compulsory under the Smith-Connally Act, showed that such imposed cool-offs tended actually to become the period of greatest tension. Both workers and employers maneuvered and fenced with each other until the required waiting period was near its end. In the case of the longshoremen, the T-H cool-off was a period of vacuum.

Nothing happened, in the way of serious bargaining, until the workers had regained their legal right to strike, thus bringing their bargaining power back to normal. The situation could not have been worse, and might have been much better, if the elaborate T-H provisions had not existed and if Ching and his mediators had been able to encourage genuine bargaining last summer.

Special circumstances complicated the strike. Ryan is facing rebellion against his ancient dictatorial rule of the longshoremen's union. The archaic "shape-up" system by which longshoremen are hired exposes workers to favoritism and "kickbacks." West Coast longshoremen, headed by Harry Bridges, fish in the troubled waters of Ryan's domain. But these are human elements not likely to be eliminated by law.

WILLARD SHELTON

The third article in the series on the politics of Israel by J. L. Teller will appear in the next issue of the New Republic.



Spain's municipal "elections," the first since Franco butchered his way to power with the help of Mussolini and Hitler, are part of a process of smoothing "the rough edges of fascism with the aid of the Spanish hierarchy" (see "No Deal with Franco!" the *New Republic*, November 1).

In themselves, the "elections" stand in about the same relationship to honest political democracy as the Mussolini-Franco-Salazar-Peron "corporative system" does to economic democracy based on free trade unions. All the candidates are hand-picked by the top men in the Franco clique; only Falangists, monarchists and spokesmen for the Church, big industry and big business are among them. But the headlines given the "elections" in the press of the free world show that they may have served their real purpose: this is to give the false impression that Franco is mending his ways, that Spain is worthy of getting ECA help, and that the Iberian Peninsula should be the major bastion of a US military alliance with Western Europe.

The headlines, however, have been only for the common people—for public opinion whose power in the US, Britain and France the Caudillo is forced reluctantly to recognize. For the elite—the respectable anti-Communist but not pro-Fascist rightists—whose influence impresses Franco even more, there have been less advertised but more important "reforms" in Spain. These have amounted to a gradual change in the basis of Franco's power.

In Franco's early days, when he was a "revolutionist" in the style of Mussolini and Hitler, he forced the army, the monarchy and the Church hierarchy—the traditional powers in Spain—to move over and make room for the

Falange, his equivalent of the Black-shirts and Brownshirts. Now the "Old Shirts" of the Falange are being put in their place. The positions of real power are being given to spokesmen for the Church and for the monarchists, men like Fernandez Guesta; Alberto Martin Artajo, former head of Catholic Action; and General Carlos Asensio, leading monarchist. On the other hand, Falange stalwarts like Rodrigo Vivar Tellez are being dismissed.

The "Old Shirts" are putting up a fight. During the voting last week, police in Madrid had to paint out large signs reading "Neither Franco nor Stalin; Up with Spain." In the Valencia Falange several weeks ago, Jose Antonio Elola Olaso attacked the Church support of Artajo. Then Luis Gonzalez Vicent, writing in the Falange newspaper, *Pueblo*, renewed the attack and spoke up for greater power for the leftish workers' syndicates. All they got for their pains was another instalment of what is being called a purge. And Franco, in his typically oblique fashion, gave a glimpse of the future (as he sees it) by turning over to the Church the education of Juan Carlos, son of the pretender to the throne. The meaning was plain: the "Old Shirts" are washed up.

But to school Don Carlos in the ways of his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, isn't exactly to prepare the way for Spanish democracy. And the Falangists for all their crimes were little worse than the black reaction which Spain once had and, apparently, is to have again. The rough edges are being smoothed only to give the bludgeon the old power under a new name.

★

Sweden's location makes her geographically far Left of Center in the West-East cold war. At least 90 percent of the Swedes want their country to remain neutral in a real war; they oppose an alliance with the West not because of where their hearts lie but where their bodies are. Twice in the last two years the Riksdag has turned down or cut down requests for army funds; the training period has been re-

duced from twelve to nine months. Few Swedes have any illusions about being able to stop the Russians, even if all of Scandinavia were to resist. Not even the West's resources could save Sweden, says Stockholm's *Tidningen*, speaking for most liberals. The only hope is to keep the "middle way" without provoking the Russians by rattling sabers.

But General Helge Jung, Sweden's army commander-in-chief, has asked for an increase of \$29 million in his budget and a longer training period; and he announces mobilization maneuvers.

Apparently neither public opinion nor common sense can intimidate a real soldier.

★

A Berlin story in the *New York Times* leads off with, "All sports activities in the Soviet zone have been placed under as close control as existed under the Nazi regime." A Prague story starts with, "Loyal Communist party 'secretaries' will rule Czechoslovakia's industries from now on." A Bratislava message is headlined, "Book censorship set up."

The fact that the Soviet-zone controls were imposed for economic reasons is buried farther down in the Berlin story; the reader gets the Nazi slant before he finds out that sports practice is making way for work on badly needed housing. In the Prague story, the ominous "secretaries" hits home before the reader learns that workers are to get more food, farmers more goods. In the Bratislava story, the reader is never told a major reason for the censorship: paper for books is in short supply, most Slovaks are illiterate, and school primers are to get the right of way over "literary works."

Maybe these reasons aren't good enough; maybe free sports, free business and free publishing deserve priority over everything else. But it's hard enough to get news of any kind from behind the Iron Curtain without having "leads" and headlines blur or bury material that may put the facts into understandable frames of reference.

SINDLINGER'S SLIDE-RULE AUTHORS



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN

by Thomas Whiteside

BEFORE Albert E. Sindlinger loosed his mighty forces upon the American literary scene, the best-known method of writing a successful book was simply to write it. Thanks to Sindlinger, a 41-year-old professional public-opinion analyst, this relatively primitive method seems consigned to obsolescence.

Operating on the theory that the people's word is law, Sindlinger has achieved a new and scientific system of producing best-sellers. He harnesses willing authors to an electro-mechanical editor which rejects all passages unpalatable to the public at large. So successful has been this remarkable robot in two years of electrical criticism that Sindlinger has established a book-writing factory of his own. Now, with slide rule in hand, he is rapidly closing in on radio, movies and records.

Working for Dr. Gallup, Sindlinger's mechanized crusade for a people's literature began to emerge in 1946 as a result of his efforts to plumb the collective mind of American moviegoers. By polling cross-sections of the motion-picture public—children under 12, inmates of jails and lunatic asylums, the blind, and 75 million incorrigible non-moviegoers being cast aside as mathematical jetsam—Sindlinger was able to predict the gross take of any movie under consideration by the big Hollywood studios.

Encouraged by Sindlinger, producers soon clutched for these magic formulas with eager hands. Instead of making pictures, they pored over statistics. While cameras gathered dust, directors

waded through deep carpets uttering esoteric terms like "marquee ratings" and "depth penetration figures" with the abandon they formerly split infinitives. "The script writer was at his lowest ebb," recalls Sindlinger. "Nobody paid any attention to him."

Sindlinger's solution to this grievous injury was, in effect, to give the writer a rating, too. After a slight disagreement with his chief, Sindlinger cantered away from Dr. Gallup with several projects of his own "to stimulate creative writing in this country."

Casting around for a base of operation, Sindlinger settled temporarily on the American theatre. His experiments were enthusiastically backed by Walter E. Heller, a fabulous Chicago investment banker. Heller had been interested in backing Broadway plays with substantial hunks of money but did not care for the financial risks involved. The two art-lovers quickly worked out an agreeable arrangement. Heller, the angel, installed Sindlinger, a kind of devil's advocate, to determine just how successful prospective plays might be.

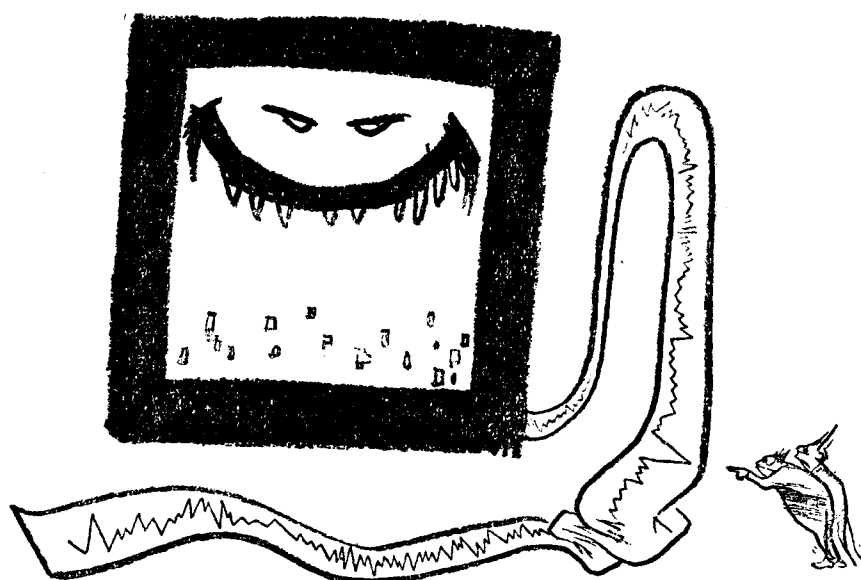
Armed with a bagful of recorded script synopses and a generous supply of graph paper, Sindlinger fared forth to learn the will of the people. The inquiry was not unprofitable. Today, upon approach, Sindlinger recites the following litany of success: "We tested a play called 'Loco,' by Unson Albert. We said we wouldn't invest. I think it closed on the third night. We pre-tested a revival of 'The Front Page'

and said 'no.' It closed in a couple of weeks. We said 'no' to 'Hear That Trumpet.' It closed in two weeks. We said 'yes' to a revival of 'Sweethearts.' It's still running. Same with 'Burlesque.' Same with 'Brigadoon.'" This chant continues through 17 plays, of which nine were rejected as bad investments. Of the other eight, seven were unqualified hits and one failed financially but won a critics' award.

Not content with putting the American theatre on a sound financial and esthetic footing, Sindlinger devised a statistical formula for assuring success in novel writing. With Heller's continued backing he retired to his farm at Hopewell, New Jersey, with a staff of sharp statisticians and the organizational name of New Entertainment Workshop. Previous to this intrusion, 35 Black Angus cows had been chewing the cud on Sindlinger's pastures. As the cattle moved out, various anonymous authors moved in. There, in a reconverted barn and under the electronic guidance of a remarkable Sindlinger invention called Teldox, they began to write best-sellers.

Teldox, a complete maze of tubes, wires, indicators and moving tapes, is a machine with the Midas touch. Through the alchemy of Teldox, Sindlinger transmutes literary dross into gold. The process is as follows:

Upon unearthing an author with a suitable manuscript and the desire for fame and fortune, Sindlinger tosses the manuscript to his laboratory assistants, who promptly boil it down to its



barest bones. The distilled product then is poured into an hour-long recording by a radio announcer.

With this recording and a portable Teldox unit, Sindlinger agents now invade hearth and home throughout the country, assemble proper cross-sections of the population, feed them a light meal and connect them to Teldox while the recording is played on a phonograph.

As the story outline drones on, the public dials its reactions, ranging from "superior" to "bad," on Teldox indicators, each flicker of emotion being recorded by moving tapes. By the time the recording is over and the assembly dispersed, Teldox has compressed an entire book into a graph.

Should the graph dip unpleasantly here and there, sorcerer's apprentices back at Sindlinger's farm may take scissors in hand and snip the offending passages from corresponding chapters in the author's manuscript. Sometimes the author is invited to undertake this melancholy task of excision himself or, as an alternative, to toil over the rejected chapters until Teldox clicks its approval and the graph soars upward like a phoenix from the ashes. At other times, a literary handyman from Sindlinger's cowshed is chosen to perform the delicate operation of rewriting.

Such was the case of a book originally entitled *Flame of the Franks*, by Henry J. Coylton, and described by a Sindlinger executive as the "story of a knight—pretty profound. *Flame of the*

Franks came in from Creative Age Press," he said. "The damn thing was 1,200 pages long."

The manuscript to hand, Sindlinger's barn flew into action. "After the graphs were developed," remarked the Sindlinger man, "we felt that the story had played up the wrong angle. The graphs had some dips that we wanted to get rid of. The first version played up the adventure angle. Our version played up the love angle. We also changed the title to *Sir Pagan*." Teldox purred again, and scissors soon were ripping out 50 pages at a time.

The graph began to rise. The "story momentum index" showed promise. The new title Teldoxed beautifully. "We just kept going," said the Sindlinger aid. "At no time," Sindlinger himself added cautiously, "did we compromise to go down to the level of the masses. We simply studied the reaction of the masses so that we would know what we had to do to make the masses want to read it."

This somewhat elusive distinction could be clarified by the manner in which Teldox helped overpower a typical literary problem in *Sir Pagan*. "We had a seduction scene in the book," explained Sindlinger. "Here's this unfaithful wife, married to an old knight, and about to be caught outside the castle with Pagan, who's been fooling around with her. We tried the scene on Teldox. The men liked it. But with women, the graph dipped down.

"Then we took out a tape recorder and asked the women why they didn't like the scene. They'd say, 'Why, she's just a common person.' Suddenly we had an idea. We ripped out ten pages and rewrote the scene. Instead of having the wife found out for her two-timing, we had her give her husband a good excuse which satisfied him. We put the new scene on Teldox. The women liked it! They figured the girl was smart!"

The Teldox-completed book was promptly selected by the Fiction Book Club. The film rights were sold to a client who also advanced \$25,000 to help the publishers promote sales, and, as Sindlinger remarks with considerable satisfaction, the original manuscript is now transformed into "a tight, well-written, fast-moving novel." "We give the young writer a break," says Sindlinger modestly.

In conformity with this expansive policy of stimulating the creative spirit, Sindlinger usually declines to accept any fee for the iron aid of Teldox to writers young and old. A small percentage of royalties will suffice. For the privilege of being Teldoxed into fame, Sindlinger-assisted authors hand him anywhere from 10 to 50 percent of their take. Among writers in the 10 percent, or once-over-lightly, category, is Sterling North, a book reviewer whose syndicated column appears in 24 newspapers weekly. Although North himself has sat in judgment on US literature for 15 years as a professional critic, nevertheless, as the author of a children's book originally called *Midnight and Jeremiah* and later retitled *So Dear to My Heart*, written in 1943, he chose to defer to the more impersonal judgment of Teldox—or as he later put it, to the "collective wisdom of the American people."

The result was to be praised by the *Milwaukee Journal* as "a creative piece of writing in the fullest sense of the term." *So Dear to My Heart* sales figures soared to a heart-warming 150,000. Disney snapped up the book for screening and eagerly chipped in \$10,000 toward Doubleday's advertising costs. North and Teldox wrote the ads together.

Determined that no form of art shall escape prior approval of Teldoxed people, Sindlinger's outfit is completing a contract with a huge recording company to pretest its popular records and thus to relieve the company executives of the burden of releasing any but those songs endorsed by an overwhelming majority of Americans.

As jive is controlled by Teldox, so will be the thoughts of young America, if Sindlinger has his way. Sindlinger has persuaded a publisher of school textbooks to submit its educational works for revision by New Entertainment Workshop, which also took on the patriotic task of pretesting a program of Americanism for the US Office of Education. According to Sindlinger's brother Walter, an ex-schoolteacher, Teldox is a boon and a blessing to "submarginal" children.

The nature of this electronic windfall to thickpated schoolgoers showed up when Sindlinger's brother pretested a New Jersey high-school group for reactions toward a USOE recording on the virtues of free speech. The recording quoted not only Tom Paine but Socrates. "It was a dead graph all the way through," says Walter gravely. The "submarginal" students declined to be educated by Socrates. "We had the Socrates speech cut out," brother Sindlinger explained.

With these scientific beachheads established in the cultural worlds of theatre, motion picture, music and education, Sindlinger now has ordered a monster assault on the art of radio, an objective already besieged by two other audience-research strategists, C. E. Hooper and A. C. Nielsen. Hooper, with an army of snoopers at his command, inquires by telephone of the nation's listening habits, and rates competing programs accordingly. Nielsen rates programs by attaching a kind of gas meter to radios in homes throughout the land.

As a voice of the people in radio, Nielsen claims to be more democratic than Hooper (an attitude quietly endorsed by CBS since Nielsen gives CBS programs higher ratings than does his famous rival). Hooper, for his

part, claims Hooperatings to be "the most democratic damn thing in America." Dramatically unveiling a great new juggernaut engine named Radox, Sindlinger now insists he is even more democratic than either.

Radox, says Sindlinger, is the perfect snooper before which Nielsen and Hooper can only crumble into dust. With the addition of a few refinements currently being worked on, Radox will pursue the American radio listener with practically every mechanical force known to science. It will hunt him down via telephone line, radar, electronic computer, International Business Machine and infra-red ray, and having caught him, will automatically write a report on his every habit, instantly relaying the intelligence—automatically of course—to radio executives wherever located.

Preparatory to launching Radox on a national scale, Sindlinger currently is Radoxing 200 homes in Philadelphia. To begin his dissection of Philadelphia's radio public, he first finds listeners willing to cooperate with him for no further fee than the guarantee of keeping their radio sets in good repair. (That Nielsen's Audimeter periodically ejects two quarters along with its mailable tape to compensate Audimeter families for their trouble Sindlinger regards as a vicious habit inviting listener bias.) Sindlinger engineers then attach an electronic gadget to each sample set. Through leased telephone lines, the electronic record reaches a huge, central Radox panel in a penthouse office atop the Lewis Building.

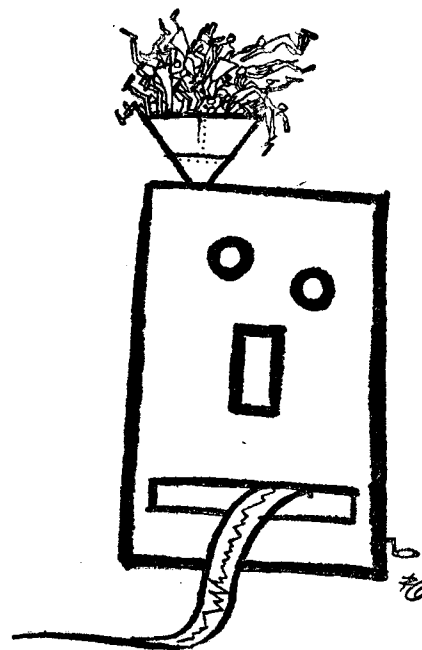
Here, in an atmosphere reminiscent of Oak Ridge, sits a girl operator with earphones and a teletype machine. Every second, through her left ear, she hears a program from one of the Radox-equipped sets throughout the city, twists dials until the program matches other noises in her right ear, then codes the result on the teletype. Sindlinger intends, however, to eliminate the girl from this complex operation. He has invented a new machine to do the whole thing electronically.

For the information of Radox, Sindlinger even investigates such matters

as what make of car his sample families own, whether or not they use outside laundries and how often they go to the movies. "We know all about these people," he says blandly. "We give our clients the whole smear." Families beyond the range of Radox's network of telephone lines are no less immune. Sindlinger plans to eavesdrop on their dial switchings by installing radar transmitters in their radios to bounce their programs back to his penthouse. Where he can't use radar, for technical reasons, he'll stagger along with infra-red or invisible light transmitters instead.

With machine thus piled on machine, Sindlinger expects shortly to arrive at what he considers the ideal radio rating—a final, immaculate number, a Radox rating "untouched," as he says, "by human hand."

Sometimes a few small doubts arise in Sindlinger's mind to cloud the sunny future of Teldox, Radox and the arts. Sitting by his Hopewell fire-side one cool fall evening recently and musing over his far-flung enterprises, Sindlinger paused, rubbed the back of his head and murmured: "Maybe we're creating a Frankenstein here . . . I don't know. . . ." The mood did not last long. A few seconds later, Sindlinger picked up his slide rule and briskly began computing a new and wonderful graph.



THE KUOMINTANG'S PEOPLE

Woodcuts by Chang Yan-si

張彥子

THE CHINA of Chiang Kai-shek, of insatiable landlords, slave-traders and industrial barons who pay the help in opium, is melting away before the fire of the Communists. Some of the story is being told daily in the communiqués and war maps from Yellow River, Yangtze and Peiping fronts. Another part of it is told here in these woodcuts by Chang Yan-si, a farmer-artist who fled from western China to the relative sanctuary of Hong Kong. Accompanying the illustrations Chang sent to the *New Republic* was an explanation by Ba Bo, of Hong Kong.

Of the woodcut below Ba said: "Here are a group of

peasants escaped from every corner of China, formerly from the Japanese invasion . . . or recently from the Kuomintang press gang. They have nothing to do but to be colliers in the mountains. Some work twelve hours in the day and some do the same in the night. They have no time for pleasure. The shrewd owners give them opium to smoke instead of pleasure, detracting the price from their month-wages. As their bad habits go on, their wages are not enough against the bill of opium. So they work, and so they rest."

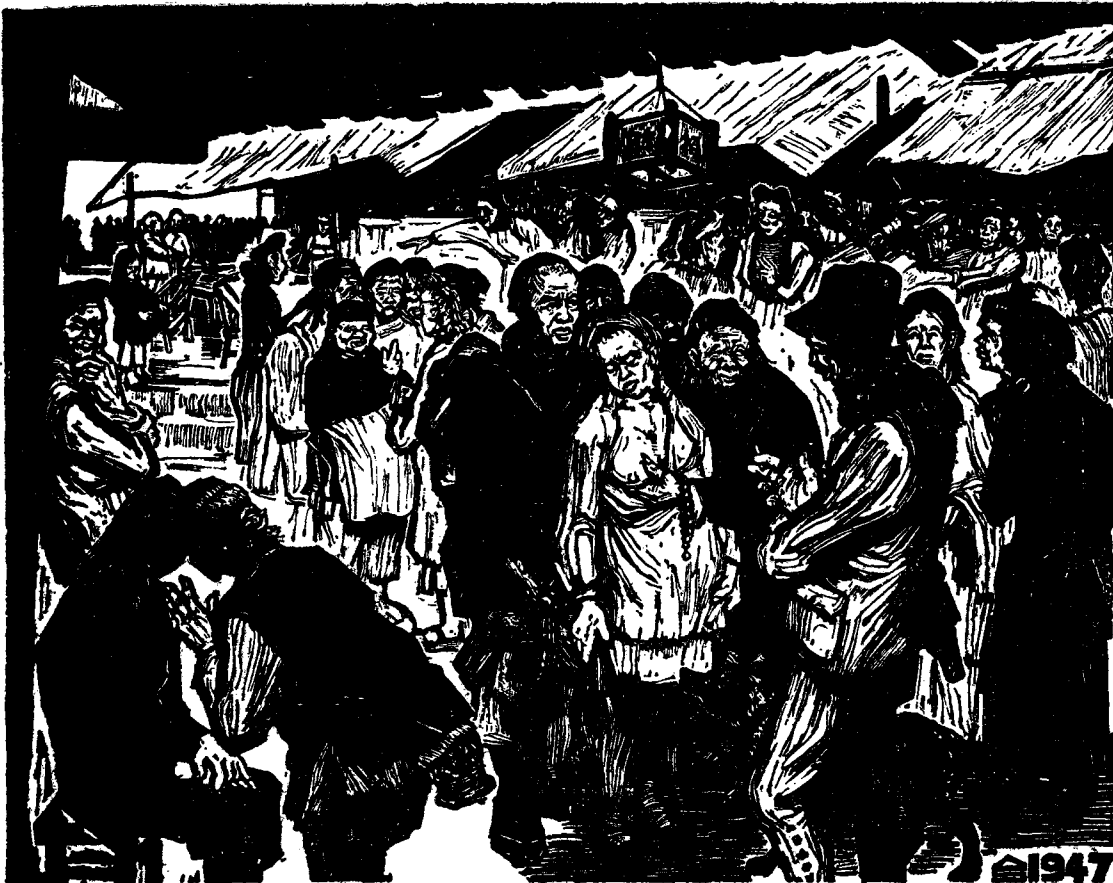
The Women Market is a scene from Szechuan. "Owing to the civil war the rural economy is almost bankrupt," Ba said. "The tenants and peasants . . . rush to the cities to be coolies, while their wives to the women market to be maidservants or nurses for the rich. They are often cheated by the middlemen to be prostitutes, or to be insulted by their masters and dismissed. In the result, if they do not wish to be prostitutes, they have to commit suicide."

The action in *The Manor House* is described by Ba as "an anti-hunger demonstration," occasioned by the fact in some parts of the Kuomintang's area people "eat grass, roots, barks of trees and even mud." These are the people Chiang must use in his struggle to maintain power against his old enemies in the north. This is the way of life America is half-heartedly defending.

**The
Colliers**



1948



**A
Woman
Market**



**The
Manor
House
Invaded**

THE HISTORIAN, THE NOVELIST, AND THE FAITH

The keepers of the tabernacle are now applying a cold-war ideology to

American writers from Henry James to Norman Mailer

by Max Lerner

THE FORTUNATE few who can afford *Fortune* were treated in the November issue to an essay by John Chamberlain on "The Businessman in Fiction." Preaching in Henry Luce's tabernacle for the already converted, Chamberlain made a fervent plea for faith in the businessman not only as the source from whom all our blessings flow, but also as a beneficent force in the culture and an admirable family man and community-conscious citizen who has been treated villainously by the ingrate novelists.

Chamberlain's discussion of the novelists from William Dean Howells and Frank Norris to Norman Mailer and Hiram Haydn formed a pendant to an attack upon Harold Laski's recent *The American Democracy*. "Laski," as Chamberlain puts it (in the thin disguise of a character borrowed from Booth Tarkington), "the stupid limey socialist . . . the complete moron . . . the pontifical and insufferable little know-it-all," has had the audacity to write a study of American democracy in the fifth chapter of which ("American Business Enterprise") he displays a severely unflattering portrait of the businessman in a business civilization. Chamberlain's point is that, since Laski could not have derived his portrait from social reality, he must have taken it from the never-never land of the novelists. In discussing them, he concludes that they in turn could not have derived their portrait of the businessman from reality, and must have taken it from their own frustrated and father-hating innards and from Marxists like Laski. Thus, out of a vicious circle in which everyone takes in everyone else's intellectual dirty wash, the businessman emerges misunderstood and maltreated.

This obviously troubles Chamberlain, the former heretic (*Farewell to Reform*) now turned more orthodox than the orthodox; and it sets him on one of the most curious heresy hunts pursued in our culture by a literate man since Wigmore attacked the civil liberties opinions of Holmes and Brandeis as an example of the advocacy of "freedom of thuggery in wartime." Chamberlain sniffs the tracks

Cantwell, Jack Conroy, Jack London, Robert Herrick, Frank Norris, William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton, Henry Adams, Henry James. And being thus lined up, the heretics are compelled to roll down their pants that Chamberlain may thwack them with his stout episcopal staff compounded in equal parts of theocratic absolutism, capitalist orthodoxy and totalitarian thought police.

Only two novelists are given absolution—Booth Tarkington and (though with a still unfinished novel) the great white hope of the American craft of fiction, Ayn Rand. Sinclair Lewis is thwacked for *Babbitt* but almost let off for *Dodsworth*. (Surely he should have been absolved wholly on the strength of *Prodigal Parents*, which, from Chamberlain's stand-

point, ought to be considered his best book because it is most correctly pro-capitalist and anti-radical.) And John Dos Passos is thrashed for Charley Anderson in *The Big Money*, but patted gently for having since seen the error of his ways and having pointed out to the readers of *Life* the sins of British socialism and American radicalism. There is a cheerless sort of joy in Chamberlain's capitalist heaven over the sinner who hath repented—cheerless, I suppose, because the damage has been done and the books are still in circulation. If only they could be banned or burned.

I should not want to defend all the novelists on Chamberlain's list, either for their skill in fiction or their subtlety of ideas. Certainly much of the proletarian fiction of the 1930's—the Grace Lumpkin and William Rollins variety—reads now like dreary claptrap. The current exposé literature

Winter Book Section

THE HISTORIAN, THE NOVELIST, AND THE FAITH by Max Lerner • REVIEWS by Samuel Grafton, Harold Laski, Richard Hofstadter, F. O. Matthiessen • EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON by Malcolm Cowley
HOLIDAY SURVEY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

of the anti-business literary heretics with the zeal of a Hound of God:

Oh the Faith is old and the Devil is bold,
Exceedingly bold indeed,
And the masses of doubt that are swirling about
Would stifle a mortal's creed.

Chamberlain marshals them all in a rather monotonous line—Sinclair Lewis, Frederic Wakeman, John P. Marquand, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Lester Cohen, Norman Mailer, Christina Stead, Hiram Haydn, Robert Penn Warren, Charles Yale Harrison, Hugh MacLennan, Herman Wouk, Robert Rylee, Taylor Caldwell, Upton Sinclair, John Steinbeck, MacKinlay Kantor, Robert Wilder, Thomas Duncan, Merle Miller, Robert van Gelder, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Edwin Seaver, Mary Heaton Vorse, Grace Lumpkin, William Rollins, Robert

at the expense of the advertising and publicity boys is also in danger of becoming a too easy formula.

Yet the fact is that Chamberlain's condemnation is meted out impartially to the living books as well as the formula books, the great character creations as well as the potboilers, the quick as well as the dead. His yardstick, as in all heresy hunts, is neither literary nor intellectual, but ideological. By his standards Booth Tarkington is greater than Frank Norris, and Ayn Rand than Theodore Dreiser. He makes no effort to trace that fusion of the novelist's social observation with the deep currents of his inner life, out of which great fiction is fashioned. He never asks himself how it could happen that *all* the best energies in American literary history should have been so completely misled by critical realism, proletarian enthusiasm and the Freudian father-image.

This episode in heresy hunting would be merely pathetic if it were not also symptomatic. It is part of the intellectual and moral climate of the cold war. It is a logical extension of the methods and outlook of the Committee on Un-American Activities, which set out to purge the script writers and film makers of Hollywood on the basis of their ideology and not of their craft. You will recall that the big

count against the Hollywood Ten—far deeper than the fact that they refused to tell the committee whether they were Communists—was the fact that in their pictures they gave unflattering portraits of the American businessman and allowed hostile things to be said about Big Money. That was their treason. By undermining the people's confidence in the type-figures of American capitalism, they were playing into the hands of the Russian Enemy.

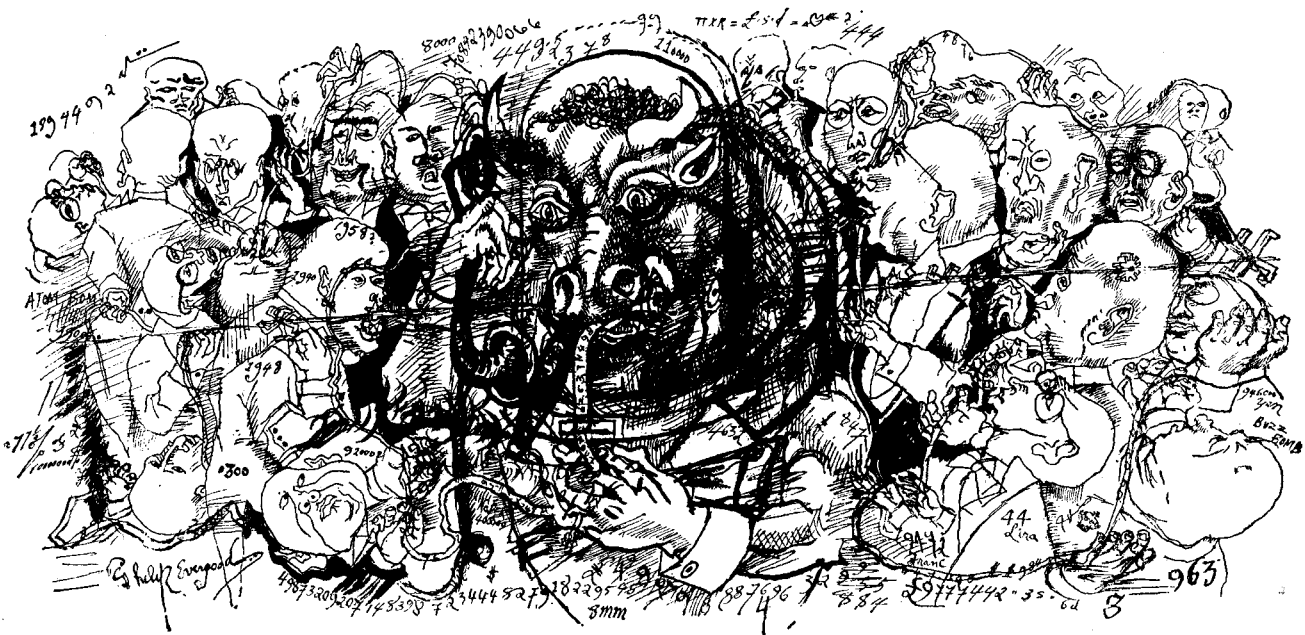
That, basically, is also Chamberlain's count against the novelists. It is "the note of belittling as applied to the businessman" that he objects to. He admits that in the process of opening up and exploiting the continent, the businessmen did help themselves rather freely to a lot of the swag. (The way he puts it, coyly and primly, is that "US business enterprise has not always been carried out within the scope of the ethics that must apply to it as a functional system.") But, he adds, the scoundrels have been chastened and have mellowed; the crimes were committed in another period. Finally—and this is the clinching argument—think of the alternative: the dead hand of bureaucracy, the blood sacrifices that are part of the Soviet purges, and the terrible condition of England, which is now also, in her cry over spivs and drones, taking "a

first unconscious step toward the purge."

Here we arrive at the real point of the article. The essay in literary history and criticism turns out to be an adjuration to forswear not only ideological aid to the Communist enemy, but even any ideological approaches to the democratic socialist ally. The historian and critic must perforce employ the method of the catechism because he has enrolled himself as a soldier in the armies of the faith.

I should like to see some time a serious essay on the theme Chamberlain set for himself—the treatment of the businessman in American fiction. It would ask why sensitive men like William Dean Howells were torn between an admiration for businessmen like Silas Lapham and the angry passion against inequality, injustice and exploitation which Howells set down in *A Traveler from Altruria*, and which turned him into a socialist. It would ask why towering writers like Henry James recoiled from trade and yet were obsessed with money and its aura; and why, in the James tradition, Edith Wharton's novels came to life when she dealt with her money-driven women, her female counterparts of single-minded businessmen, in *The House of Mirth* and *The Custom of the Country*.

It would explore the mind of Mark



DRAWING BY PHILIP EVERGOOD

Twain, himself a businessman of a sort, who wrote the blistering indictment of capitalist bribery and political corruption in *The Gilded Age*, and in his great novels found the democracy and fraternity he loved only under the frontier pre-capitalist conditions of his boyhood village and the picaresque days of his young manhood on the Mississippi. It would ask what passion it was that moved the muckrakers to their labors in the archives of business methods, corporation finance and political rottenness, and what relation there was between the facts they turned up and the inner impulses that led to such masterpieces as *The Pit*, *The Financier*, *The Titan*, *The Jungle*.

It would examine not only the exact factual parallels between the historical Charles Tyson Yerkes and Dreiser's Frank Algernon Cowperwood, but also the psychic correspondence between Dreiser's *odi-et-amor* feeling about his hero and the combined fascination-and-recoil that most Americans felt for the power and the ruthless drive of their business titans. It would look into the American cult of success, and the belief in the Darwinian doctrine that the survivors must be the fittest, and compare them both with the terrible wasteland of American moral and cultural life between the time of Grant's presidency and that of Theodore Roosevelt. And it would ask how much that wasteland had to do with the portrait of American business to be found in the novelists before World War I.

In my view it had everything to do with it. You don't have to seek for abstruse reasons to explain why the young men who became America's great novelists felt as they did about the corporation and the big businessman and the power of money and the single-minded, ruthless pursuit of it. They had seen its consequences. It was not that they were rebelling against their fathers, as Chamberlain suggests. Nor was it, as he again suggests, that they had a desire to return to the order-enclosed womb of a new feudalism. Theirs was no Hammacher-Schlemmer dream of beauty in chains

They wrote what they wrote out of the disillusionment that overcame Americans when they began to glimpse the chasm between the Jeffersonian dream of a gracious and egalitarian American democracy and the actualities of the world of Daniel Drew and Commodore Vanderbilt, of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, of "Bet a Million" Gates and Charles Yerkes, of Rockefeller and "Jupiter" Morgan, of Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine. It was a gap between the democratic promise and the corporate fulfilment that furnished the real impulsion of American fiction in this area. And when the writers were taken to task by the fat-cats of their era for daring to write in the spirit of irreverence about the lords of creation, they only dug in more obstinately. For the Puritan tradition which had given the impetus to their conscience had also given them the courage of non-conformism.

It is foolish to say that the between-wars generation and our own ought to have broken with this tradition and recognized that they were dealing with a reformed character. The businessmen of the nineteen twenties were cocksure that they had found the secret of eternal prosperity, and that it lay in entrusting them with all the policy-making decisions in the economy and the government. If their arrogance could have been justified by success, not even the success was forthcoming. The collapse of American life in 1929 was the final epitaph on the claims of Big Business to be the arbiter of our cultural values and our political fortunes as well as of our economic destinies. Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of Business Enterprise*, published in 1904, was a summation of the experience of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. His *Absentee Ownership* was written in 1923, at the height of the New Prosperity, but was also a forecast of the coming collapse.

The Great Depression led naturally to an idealization of proletarian perfections that did not exist. But the younger novelists of the past decade have, for the most part, no such illusions. Chamberlain is so absorbed in

his single theme of the businessman abused that he misses the real meaning of their work. What they are saying is not so much that the Big Businessman is a stinker (actually the attraction-repulsion is still true of our generation), as that they intend to have no traffic with concentrated monopoly power that is not responsible and responsive to the people. With an insight sharper than that of Chamberlain, or his master Friederich Hayek, they insist on going beyond the forms of control or non-control. They have glimpsed that power can be private as well as governmental, that democracy can be stifled by the greeds and fears of financial movers and shakers as well as by the power lust of commissars.

To the extent that they are at all ideological, their books are not so much attacks on businessmen as they are defenses of the democratic idea against its persistent degradation by the men of power at the top and by their mercenaries in advertising, publicity, slick-paper journalism and the armed forces. In the end they are affirmations that the democratic dream is not lost, and fumbling explorations of the moral conditions under which it could still be fulfilled. And all the "Don't Play into the Hands of the Russians" signs in the world will not, I suspect, chase them from the battleground they have staked out for themselves, and which is greatly and singularly their own.

We are dealing here with the problems not only of literature and its creative conditions, but also with history and its writing. Emery Neff's too neglected book, *The Poetry of History* (the Columbia University Press, \$3.50), has with a gracefully carried learning developed the theme that the boundaries between history and literature have been extremely tenuous in the time from Voltaire to Arnold Toynbee. The great writers among our historians—men like Carl L. Becker and Samuel E. Morison—have shown that history can be literature. But the novelists I have been discussing have shown the reverse—that literature can also be history. Men like Vico and

Herder in the eighteenth century, whom Neff discusses, understood as historians that the deepest insights into the life of a people will be found in a study of their language, built up by condensed accretions of cultural experience; and in a study of their myths, which show better than any more formal records the deep impulses that move a people. We have all but forgotten that insight.

When historians get too absorbed in specialized division-of-labor histories, as so many of ours have tended to do in an age when it is safer to write footnotes than to challenge power, then novelists must become historians. The bold, exploratory historical hypothesis, followed by the courageous synthesis, is something that only men of the stature of Charles A. Beard have attempted in American historical writing. Following his lead, but also working along lines of their own experience and observation, and their own deep intuitions, the novelists have written their notations on the history of the American spirit—the business spirit along with other matters. In the process they have set down, and are today continuing to set down, as faithful a transcript of the essential American experience as you are likely to find in the official custodians of that experience.

I had occasion, after reading the Chamberlain piece and mulling over its implications, to read some essays by a young American historian of wide reading and considerable courage. I refer to Richard Hofstadter's *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*. I would suggest to Chamberlain, for example, Chapter VII, on "The Spoilsmen: An Age of Cynicism," dealing with Conkling and Jay Gould, with the Credit Mobilier, with Grant as President, with James G. Blaine ("the Plumed Knight") and the Mulligan Letters, with Cleveland and his philosophy of laissez-faire. Hofstadter builds his chapter on the work of Beard, Josephson, Cochrane and Miller, Parrington, Tarbell, Gustav Meyer, Curti, Gabriel, Hacker, Nevins. His wry deflationism is his

own, and it is exhibited in the other chapters as well; but the verdict on the spoilsmen, including both the robber barons and the politicians (to use Matthew Josephson's evocative phrases), is a verdict based on the record. I suspect that the historian of the future, writing on the spoilsmen of our inflationary prosperity and our brink-of-war economy and our monopolies and oligopolies and our hucksters and magazine tycoons, will emerge with a verdict closer to that of Steinbeck and Penn Warren, Wakeman and Mailer and Irwin Shaw, than to that of the men who call them innocents in the net of the Russian and British police states. And closer also to the verdict of Laski, about whom Chamberlain has had a long-standing obsession and about whose most recent book he is so bitter.

This is not the place for an analysis of Laski's book, which has already had very adequate review in the *New Republic*. But I may perhaps jot down some notes about the way it has been received, since this strongly documents my thesis that our thinking today is caught in the glacial grip of the cold war. There are faults in Laski's book, factual errors that Henry S. Commager has pointed out, faults of repetition, minor contradictions which it would be amazing not to discover in so sprawling and comprehensive a work. There are also gaps set by the book's own limits. The already famous—or infamous—Chapter V (on "American Business Enterprise"), which has received the brunt of the criticism, is an analysis of the power, the outlook, the intellectual universe and the limitations of mind of the modern American businessman.

Laski might have documented his thesis by a sustained analysis, which I wish he had given us, of the TNEC reports on the structure of American business power; he might have done more with the efforts to apply Keynesian economic remedies to the American economy, and an analysis of the failure or success of those remedies; he might have done more with an analysis of the recent changes in corporate structure,

in dispersion of ownership and concentration of power, in the dynamics of depression followed by New Deal followed-by armament economies; he might have made use of the remarkable work of the new psychocultural school of American anthropologists and psychologists, and the light they shed on American attitudes toward the businessman, and business power. But if he had done these things, which he did not set out to do, not being primarily an economist or cultural psychologist, the final portrait would have been essentially the same, with the lines somewhat more complexly drawn but with the lineaments not very different.

The fact is that Laski has worked in the manner which, according to Neff, every great historian and critic of culture has worked: with a bold hypothesis which he has elaborated and tested. It was the way Bryce worked, and de Tocqueville as well; and while I should dissent from the publishers in matching Laski's book with de Tocqueville's, I believe it to be on a level with Bryce's in its sweep and erudition and understanding. The big difference, of course, is that Bryce did his analysis from the standpoint of the Mugwumps in America and the mild liberals in England, and that he was accepted because he was not thought dangerous.

Laski has done his work from the standpoint of the Labor Party in England and the radical democrats in America, and he has been attacked very largely because he is dangerous. I wish his critics had read more carefully his last chapter, "Americanism as a Principle of Civilization," with its summary of the American achievement, of the extent to which the promise of an equalitarian polity and an open society has actually been fulfilled; with the reasons for the resentment of European conservatives against America; and with the reasons why the democratic promise has not yet been wholly fulfilled.

It would give them a more rounded picture of Laski and his book than they seem to have when, like many critics, they have used it as a stick with which

to beat the dog of an analysis which is Marxist in its inspiration.

In the end, I suppose, it comes down to a question of one kind of faith as against another kind of faith. Laski's faith is that of a democratic socialist, and he in turn used it as a stick with which to beat the dog of a business civilization whose central principle he regards as only a phase in the long campaign of history. Chamberlain's faith is, as I have suggested, that of Hayek and Luce—the faith of a laissez-faire free economy and an American Century; and he in turn regards all forms of planning as “not only anti-business . . . but also anti-fecundity and anti-life.” The test of which is right must be sought in the facts both of experience and of intuition: which jibes best with the historical experience of the past? And which is most in tune with the deep intuitions of the sensitive men—the novelists and poets—who register and also help to create the values of our culture?

I think my own answer has been made clear enough. I think the answer of the novelists and the younger historians is also clear. For if the answer is given in any other direction, if we test our ideas primarily by the cold-war standards of whether or not they are weapons against the Russians and the British, we have ceased to be valuing men and have become cynical tacticians. In that direction lies the prospect of atomic and germ wars, and the destruction of a free market as well as of a free society toward which every economic order is only the means.

If that happens we shall fulfil the remarkable vision which Neff quotes from Vico's *Scienza Nuova*:

Since such peoples, like beasts, have become accustomed to think of nothing but individual advantage . . . and have been living in solitude of spirit and desires, not even two of them able to agree, with the result that by obstinate factions and desperate civil wars they make forests of cities, and of forests holes for men to hide in . . . the sinister subtleties of malicious minds, more frightful than beasts because of the barbarity of reflection, which is worse than the primal barbarity of sense, begin to defeat themselves.

TESTIMONY OF EXPERTS

FOREIGN ECONOMIC POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES, edited by Seymour E. Harris (The Harvard University Press; \$6).

IN THIS BOOK twenty-five scholars and experts attack the subject of the foreign economic policy of the United States. They do so with unsmiling sincerity and a kind of desperate factuality. The result should be like lead, but for some reason, possibly personal, I find this an enchanting volume. It seems to me that bubbles of paradox rise from the spaces between the essays, and also that the separate articles have a sort of catalytic effect on one another, producing an atmosphere of marvel and surprise, so that in the end the soberly economic world of this book becomes a wonderland.

I come away from *Foreign Economic Policy* with the strong impression that the prosperity of the Western world depends on American prosperity, except that American prosperity means so high a domestic price level that the Western world can't afford to buy our goods. We also need full employment at home, to assist the world, except that full employment produces so much domestic purchasing power as to cause protests over too heavy an export of our products. I find, furthermore, that American economic strength is the necessary basis for making this a stable world, except that our strength is so out of proportion as to cause a special problem known as the world dollar shortage, thus leading to the conclusion that the world would be a little stronger if we were a little weaker.

I am not making this up, blast you; it is all in the book, and so is a lot more. I find, for example, that the key problem of American foreign economic policy is to plan toward a time when there will be no planning. This takes a bit of doing, for the sticky path to decontrol lies through control. We must for a space analyze everything and guide everything connected with foreign trade if we are ever again to get to the point at which we won't have

to analyze anything or guide anything to keep world trade running with beautiful automatic precision. Through planning to no planning, to reach a safely uncontrolled world. We need all the brains there are, if we are ever again to produce a planet which can be safely brainless. Thus, one of the oddest impressions I get out of this book is that the process in which we are now engaged makes more sense than the goal toward which it is directed; the process is brilliant, useful and necessary, while the goal is probably to some degree fantastic.

But there is more. The object of the foreign economic policies of most countries is to improve their competitive positions. That is why they have foreign policies, economic and otherwise. But the object of our foreign economic policy is, for good enough reasons, to worsen our competitive position. This makes for extraordinary psychological difficulties. Some of these show up in our approach to the question of world tariff regulations. We stand, roughly, for equal trade treatment for all countries in all countries.

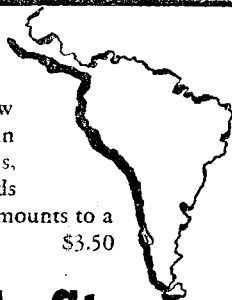
But some of the countries we are helping with Marshall Plan money feel that they could help themselves faster if they were allowed to engage in more bilateral-trade planning and even in preferential-tariff schedules. They point out that a large inequality at the beginning, as between ourselves and almost anybody else, will only be perpetuated by equal trade treatment; that allowing a little inequality on behalf of the weaker might make for a purer final equality. We resist this; and it is at this point that our ultimate goal of a free, unplanned world meets and crosses our present methods for helping the weaker nations, producing a spot of roughness and confusion.

It is also true that Marshall Plan appropriations are of minimal size; they provide no cushion against a further American price increase, nor against diversion of Marshall Plan funds to military use. In other words, the Marshall Plan appropriations, aimed at producing stability, assume a kind of stability to begin with. And,

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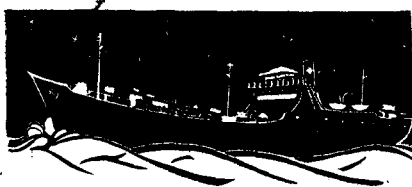
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MARVIN BILECK

as Sidney S. Alexander, of the State Department, puts it: "Highly urgent European needs were left unsatisfied in order not to cut American consumption of a more nearly frivolous sort." So much for the psychological difficulties of the unprecedented foreign economic policy on which we have started; we develop resistances against our own program of conscious self-thwarting, and these thwart the program.

I wish I had space to give recognition by name to each of the experts and scholars whose articles and theoretical essays make up this book, under Professor Harris' intelligent editing. (None of the conclusions in this piece are to be pinned on any of these men, by the way; they are my own.) Among the sharper impressions still with me is a feeling of how the position of the world today is an almost mirrorlike opposite of that during the depression. Today, almost everywhere, it is a case of too much money and not enough goods. And the prosperity of the individual citizen today can hurt his own country, by leading him to spend foreign exchange, if allowed, on import luxuries which his country, as a whole, cannot afford. This is well brought out in Henry C. Wallich's fine article on Latin America.

Another sharp point is that Western Europe really needs trade with Eastern Europe more than it does with the United States, while the six Russian-dominated Eastern European countries really need trade with Western Europe more than they do with Russia. This is made especially clear in Paul A. Baran's essay on the economy of the USSR, from which, also, I derive a feeling that Russia's passionate interest in yanking factories as reparations is an unintended Soviet admission that she, too, needs Western techniques and machinery far more than she is willing to acknowledge. One subtle point in Baran's article is that

the need for complex modern military weapons may actually turn out to be a favorable influence on Russia's economic growth; instead of building military industries exclusively, and stockpiling their output, she now must develop that complete and integrated industrial system which alone can be a sound basis of military power today.

I must now answer the question of whether I come away from this book depressed as to future possibilities under the Marshall Plan, in view of the nightmarish difficulties which crop up under analysis. The authors are not depressed. Neither, perhaps for reasons of my own, am I. For to me the importance of the Marshall Plan does not lie in its goal, but in its processes. The democracies are not, by nature, goalistically gifted, so to speak. Their skills lie rather in process, in keeping decent means alive; the finished, final world is the ideological property of the totalitarians.

The Marshall Plan is already a success, in my terms, because it keeps chances open, because it provides a portion of time and space in which will, effort and lucky accident can operate; it is important because it gives us a continuity, not because it gives us a conclusion. The goal it sets up for us, the automatic, self-operating world, seems, in fact, unrealistic; it is a typically democratic goal because it is a kind of no-goal, an indefinite state of being.

Far more significant than the goal is the method proposed for reaching it; for men can live under decent methods, though it is yet to be proved that they can live under any of the goals thus far set up by seers and theoreticians. The Marshall Plan may not work, and yet it will not be a failure because it will probably allow time for something else to come along that will work. On this part of its promise the Plan is already a success. No statistical analysis can take away from that.

SAMUEL GRAFTON

Samuel Grafton, New York Post Home News writer, is the author of the widely syndicated column, "I'd Rather Be Right." He has also written several books, including An American Diary.

REASON AND RUSSIA

STALIN AND GERMAN COMMUNISM, by Ruth Fischer (The Harvard University Press; \$8).

POLITICAL POWER IN THE USSR: 1917-1947, by Julian Towster (Oxford University Press; \$6).

THOUGH AUSTRIAN by birth, Ruth Fischer was, until her expulsion, one of the best-known leaders of the German Communist Party. Now an American citizen, she has written the first of two volumes—the second will deal with the Hitler period—in which she seeks to combine her personal reminiscences of the critical years before 1933 with what is almost a foreshortened account of world history in the perspective of Communist activities from the defeat of Germany in the First World War until her own expulsion. The result is not very satisfactory, since the scale of one side of the book does not fit the scale of the other.

The personal side, both reminiscence and judgment, is always of interest, and often of importance. Miss Fischer was at the heart of things. She saw all the leaders, German, Russian and others, at first hand and with continuity. She saw policy being made, knew the materials upon which judgment was founded. Highly personal though this part of her narrative is, it is obviously the work of a sincere mind trying to find its way, with what detachment is possible, to a conclusion which the evidence supports. On this side, Professor Fay is right in estimating Miss Fischer's work very high; the historian of the first fifteen years of the Communist Party will find it an indispensable fount of understanding.

The more general history Miss Fischer seeks to give us is less good. Partly, that is because the sources she uses are too narrow for the weight of the conclusions she wishes to build upon them; this is, for example, particularly true whenever she has to deal with British-Soviet relations. Partly, also, it is true because she is understandably so absorbed by her own doctrinal approach that she has made no real effort to judge it as severely

as she does other doctrinal approaches. Partly, further, Miss Fischer has not really freed herself from what may fairly be termed the *mystique* of Communist history, with the result that she applies one standard to the period when she was herself an accepted leader, and quite another to leaders with whom she quarreled earlier, like Paul Levi, for whose exclusion the same ruthless technique, without her disapproval, was applied as for her own. She draws an ugly picture, which might have been an added nightmare in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, of the relations of the Comintern and the national Communist Parties.

Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, all are equally ruthless, all equally ready to take immense risks, from Hamburg to Canton, with large numbers of lives, in the name of a Marxist interpretation of some situation of which they have quite inadequate knowledge. Radek and Manuisky are depicted as supreme espionage agents, hardly less concerned with their party position in Moscow than with the thorough grasp of the position they have been sent to understand. The portrait she draws of Zinoviev varies between pathos and futility. The intrigues between the different members of the Russian Politburo are not only fantastic, but fantastic in a particularly unpleasant way since they are staking foreign lives as well as their own.

I do not know how far Miss Fischer realizes two things. The first is that, as she draws the picture of the events in which she was so closely involved, the pattern of the struggle ordered by Moscow, even though formally made by the Executive Committee of the Communist International, on behalf of world revolution, is in part made by Moscow in order to safeguard the Russian Revolution. The second is that the non-Russian Communist leaders were successful, or unsuccessful, at Moscow in the degree that they became the tools of the predominant faction in the Russian Bolshevik Party at some given time. If I had been a German Social Democrat, I should not have been willing to see the fate of

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my country determined by a body whose information was so partial and whose disinterestedness so dubious as, in Miss Fischer's account, the Communist International must have been.

But that is not all. Miss Fischer writes with contempt of the reliance placed on the old German army and the old police by Fritz Ebert and his colleagues; and I suppose that there will be few British Socialists who do not share her view that Gustav Noske was a pretty ugly character. Yet, on her own showing, Radek was only one of many among prominent figures in Moscow who had direct relations with the German General Staff and secret police; and Miss Fischer offers us material to show how the Kremlin helped the secret rearmament of Germany.

Taking the over-all picture that Miss Fischer draws, I should have said that the two people who emerge from her account with stainless reputations were the murdered Rosa Luxembourg, who died too soon to be expelled from the ranks of German communism for her fearless criticisms of Lenin's conception of dictatorship; and the Russian Communist, Maslow, whose energies were devoted to the German problem. He was expelled by the ECCI because he thought the Germans in Germany better able to judge their situation than the men in Moscow who tried to impose a conception of the right policy derived from the mass of contradictory evidence at their disposal. He, like Miss Fischer herself, was in large part the victim of the struggle for power within the Russian Party after Lenin's incapacity became final. From the outset, indeed, it is obvious that the Comintern was a Russian instrument and that all the sister parties played a greatly inferior role.



MARVIN BILECK

It would take more space than is possible here to discuss the validity of Miss Fischer's picture of the events in which she played so prominent a part. What surprises me is that she does not draw from it what seem to me the obvious conclusions to which it leads. The first is that the original creation of the Communist International was a strategic error of the first magnitude. It split the working class wherever it got a hold; it made each national Communist Party a dependency, in fact, though not in theory, of Moscow; and it deprived many of them both of their ablest leaders and of any continuity in policy, because it forced them to adapt themselves to the inner rhythm of Russian affairs, about the character of which they were so little informed that they were pawns on the Bolshevik chessboard.

The second is the absence of any emphasis on her part on the fact that Rosa Luxembourg's criticisms—made before the Revolution—of Lenin's conception of the party and its function proved themselves justified in principle and in detail. What Lenin did—and Stalin has carried the conception still further—was to add to a Marxist concept of proletarian dictatorship a vast superstructure derived from Jacobin tradition by which the Politburo of the Russian Communist Party became a permanent committee of public safety. Under Lenin, the Politburo did at least take pains to consult with the party, to argue and to be convinced by argument, to be eager to give close attention to the groundswell of opinion in the party and even beyond its boundaries. In the last years of Lenin's life, and consistently since then, the Politburo has been a dictatorship over the party, and there has been no effective public opinion outside it, of which it has been necessary to take heed on any question of major importance. The "monolithic" party, with its "iron, Bolshevik" discipline, has resulted exactly as Rosa Luxembourg foretold in her original criticism of Lenin's theory of the party.

Granted all the achievements of Soviet Russia—and there have been great achievements—granted, also, the

superb heroism of her people in the war with Hitler, Lenin and Stalin have separated the two ideals that all socialists have sought to combine: the ideal of a people no longer exploited in their search for well-being, and the ideal of freedom. Miss Fischer supported a party which helped in the development of that separation until she was expelled from it for clear evidence that she doubted the infallibility of the Third Rome in the Kremlin. In her second volume, I hope she will explain why, with her intelligence, her energy and her courage, it took her so long to see that no political party, least of all a party which builds dictatorship upon infallibility, has ever had a monopoly of truth.

Julian Towster's book is of a different kind, and will be of great value to the specialist. With infinite care, and great precision, he has drawn a picture of Russian political institutions and their evolution; dealing, first, with the formal structure, then with the party and its relation to the legal edifice, and seeking, finally, to assess the implications of the whole. No one who knows the jungle through which he has traveled can fail to be grateful to him for the clear path he has driven. His book, together with the now classic work of Sir John Maynard, are about the best available guides to the complex theme of Russia.

I think his conclusions are a model of common sense. There is the possibility of freedom in Russia, given the emergence of international security and domestic well-being; there is little possibility of it unless these do emerge. I think Towster might well have added that convulsion in Russia, whether from without, as by war, or from within, as in a battle for Stalin's successor, would only make the need for a dictatorship more urgent, the fifth columns of Russia more active.

Those who care most for civilization will do most to ease the hard road Russia has followed for so long. For only as its power is combined with freedom is there any assurance that mankind can resume the right to hope.

HAROLD J. LASKI

MEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

THE LIBERAL PRESIDENTS, by J. C. Long (The Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3.75).

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY IN ACTION: 1789, by James Hart (The Macmillan Company; \$4).

THE HISTORIAN who wishes to pursue a course of study covering a long time span has many profitable methods available to him. He can take an issue and see how men and interests line up on it; he can follow the policies of some special interest on various issues; he can trace the operations of a political party in recruiting support and reconciling interests; he can study the changing personnel of a party or political movement; he can analyze the development of an economic or social institution in response to historical changes; he can center his attention upon a coherent idea or body of ideas and trace the manner in which it has been accepted, advocated, or refuted. There are other fruitful possibilities. But one method that almost invariably brings the historian to grief is to seize upon a popular epithet or eulogistic word or slogan and apply it loosely to a great variety of men and events, giving them an illusory and confusing unity.

The last method has been adopted by J. C. Long in *The Liberal Presidents*. The purpose of this book is "to show how the American liberal tradition has grown and to what extent the presidency has expressed or promoted the evolving phases of liberalism." The word "liberalism" is hardly one of the clearest in our language. Before Long began to manhandle it, it had several historically acquired meanings, and he has added to them. The result is that the word has here taken on an encompassing degree of generality without gaining any real new meaning. The author never gets beyond his self-created problem of definition.

To instance some of Long's usage: "Washington was the exponent of eighteenth century liberalism." But: "If the liberal tradition in the presi-

dency be measured by the rise of the plain man, the life of Andrew Johnson deserves especial attention." Of course, "the cautious use of power is an earmark of the liberal mind." Still, Andrew Jackson, who was not usually cautious in his use of power, "was always a fresh breeze in the liberal tradition, whether or not . . . he was essentially conservative. The cut of his jib was liberal." America, in Long's reading, has been liberal by definition. Of the American political tradition he writes: "The liberal commitment was made at the beginning. No president has repudiated it." This remains true, we may be sure, even though such a man as John Adams "would hardly be catalogued as a liberal president by any modern index." After all, "the liberal tradition in the presidency has been inconsistent, but its changeability has been realistic and hence resilient."

I do not wish to imply that Long has not made some effort to set forth the definition of liberalism under which he is operating. He has, in fact, waged a manful and almost suicidal struggle with the term. The elements of liberalism, as he reads it, are the following: "First is the belief in government by consent." This belief has two dynamic implications, the right to vote and the problem of the extent of sovereignty. (Were there American Presidents who were far from liberal on the extension of the suffrage? Never mind. "The consent of the governed was accepted as a passive rather than an active principle.") A further criterion of liberalism is "the general idea of economic controls by government." This was considered illiberal, admittedly, for the first seventy-five years of American national life—which certainly goes to show that "the liberal tradition in economic matters has undergone revolutionary changes."

"Anti-imperialism is another yardstick by which the liberal tradition may be measured." If some of Long's presidential liberals, like Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt, do not qualify under this definition, they qualify under another. Accordingly we

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get a very formidable list of "outstanding liberal beacons," which includes Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, Lincoln, Johnson, Hayes and the two Roosevelts. I regret that Long did not see fit to include Warren G. Harding as at least a minor liberal beacon, since he was liberal enough to pardon Eugene Debs, which Woodrow Wilson, who elsewhere qualifies as a major liberal beacon, was not liberal enough to do. (Wilson's Administration, which became illiberal after the declaration of war, had been very liberal previously. Wilson was "an ardent liberal.")

Add to this essential confusion Long's persistent naïveté in judgment. Of Hayes he writes: "The significance of Hayes as a moral reformer can hardly be overemphasized." Of Theodore Roosevelt: "No elected president had hitherto challenged the powers of big business, yet Theodore Roosevelt did so from the beginning." Add also a curious kind of sensibility which leads to such sentences as this concerning Jefferson: "His long platonic devotion to Maria Cosway, whom he had met in Paris, gave his life a cosmopolitan tinge."

Long's text, which runs to only 172 pages, is buttressed by eighteen documentary appendices which include some of the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Lincoln, Johnson, Cleveland and the two Roosevelts. There is not an illiberal document among them.

James Hart's *The American Presidency in Action: 1789*, a much more specialized work than Long's, is hardly intended for as broad an audience. It is an extremely meticulous and scholarly study of how, during the first year of the Constitution, the skeletal structure of that document was clothed with administrative and political reality. Like Long, Hart centers his attention upon presidential leadership—in this case upon the person, methods and congressional relations of George Washington. But he does not worry whether some such term as liberal, conservative or reactionary can be stretched to fit the first President. In-



MARVIN BILECK

stead he tries to determine how and why Washington functioned as he did and to relate how Congress carried out its task in that precedent-establishing year. Although Hart's volume is thus intensely concentrated in time, he has such a good sense for the broad implications of his subject matter and such a discerning eye for the significant or revealing quotation that his book takes on considerable general interest.

Hart is acutely aware of what A. N. Whitehead called "the symbolic function of great men." He points out that Washington held a unique strategic position in American history. Although actually a clearly defined Federalist in his partisan views, he was able to avoid speaking of himself publicly in partisan terms. He thought parties dangerous to his conservative principles and disliked to confess or confirm their existence; considering

the assumption of a partisan attitude inconsistent with his role as chief of state and national hero, he deliberately tried to soften the intensity of the emerging factions. Until the close of his administration he exerted a singular public appeal. Jefferson declared that he "was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of the whole . . . that there was no other person who would be thought anything more than the head of a party."

Looking into the constitutional role of the presidency, Hart finds that it was tripartite from the first, dividing into the President's ceremonial role as chief of state, his legal role as chief magistrate of the national government, and his political role as factional leader and leader of opinion. I wish that Hart had given as much thought to the demands of his readers as he has to the conceptual apparatus of his work. His is a formidable book, but for those who have the patience, a rewarding one.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

Richard Hofstadter, assistant professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON:

DEFEAT AND TRIUMPH by Malcolm Cowley

IT WAS in October, 1902, not long before his thirty-third birthday, that Edwin Arlington Robinson's third book of poems appeared. He counted on it to rescue him from the furnished room on West Twenty-third Street, in Manhattan, where he lived in fear of meeting his landlord.

His first book, or rather pamphlet, had been printed at his own expense in 1896, when he was still in Gardiner, Maine, the "Tillbury Town" of his poems. The second, called *The Children of the Night*, had been issued in 1897 by a "vanity publisher" who charged his authors for the privilege of having their work appear between stiff covers. Robinson was by then nearly penniless, the small family fortune having trickled away in speculations by an older brother, and one of

the poet's Harvard friends paid for the edition of 550 copies. This third book, too, was being paid for by friends, but they had persuaded the respected house of Houghton Mifflin to distribute it and had laid plans to ensure its favorable reception. Presentation copies would be sent to famous writers of the day. Various Harvard professors would be asked to review the book and it would be priced at \$1 to encourage a wide sale.

The author of the book was a big-framed, lean young man with a high, narrow forehead, a luxuriant brown mustache and glowing brown eyes behind his spectacles. He was shy and almost speechless in company until he had taken half a dozen drinks and could say, "Now I'm up where you people are." Drunk or sober he had a

sense of his incapacity for practical work. "If I could have done anything else on God's green earth," he told a friend, "I never would have written poetry. There was nothing else I could do, and I had to justify my existence." He had spent years on the new book, with special attention to the title poem, "Captain Craig," the longest, most defiant work he had so far undertaken. With a mixture of realism, eloquence and mischief it described the death of a pauper who was more to be admired than all the rich men of Tillbury Town. Emery Neff has the right phrase for it, in his new book on Robinson, when he calls it "a twofold assault upon conventional conceptions of beauty and conventional ideals of success." For the time when it was written, Robinson himself was not exaggerating when he called the poem "revolutionary."

But his revolution was like one of those Central American plots that end with a few shots fired and some junior lieutenants in the guardhouse. The book appeared and nothing in the literary world was changed. The favorable reviews by Harvard professors were never written or never published, except for Trumbull Stickney's friendly lines in the Harvard *Monthly*, which appeared after a long delay. Most of the other reviews were short as well as belated; the longer ones attacked the book as a symbol of "the dangers to which poetry is exposed at present." "Worse than Browning . . . a mistake rather than a failure," said the famous poet Bliss Carman. Then silence fell. It was as if Robinson and his friends had painfully rolled a boulder to the edge of the Grand Canyon, pushed it over and waited breathlessly. After a while there was the echo of a pebble-sized splash far below and then they were alone in the desert.

The desert for Robinson was the fourth-story room where he sat in a rickety chair always facing the door, as if he expected someone to appear and change his life. Creaking back and forth the chair complained for him; the poet said nothing. He was tired of sending contributions to the magazines,

which accepted very few of his poems and hadn't paid for one since 1895. He was tired of borrowing money from his friends. He had to refuse dinner invitations because his clothes were too shabby; often he ate his meals at the free-lunch counters of the neighborhood saloons, where he could load his plate with pig's feet after buying a schooner of beer. He looked so forlorn that once when he was eating alone at the Old Homestead, on Ninth Avenue, the waiter offered to lend him \$2. Although he was willing to undergo hardships in order to write poetry, he was now so discouraged that the poems refused to be written. Finally a friend almost as poor as himself offered to find him a job and he went to work as timekeeper for a subway construction gang, at 20 cents an hour for a 10-hour day.

He was sharing in the general defeat of all the serious writers who had come forward during the 1890's. Dreiser, for example, went through similar experiences at exactly the same time. Disheartened by the failure of his first novel, *Sister Carrie*, and by the refusal of magazine editors to print his work, he sat brooding in a furnished room like Robinson's and wondered whether he shouldn't commit suicide. His brother rescued him and sent him to a sanitarium. There he was told that he should spend his days outdoors until his full recovery, and so he went to work for a railroad construction gang for \$1.20 a day. Among the novelists of his time who had tried to write about American life in a Naturalistic fashion, Dreiser was the only one to survive into another era. The others had either died prematurely, like Harold Frederic, Stephen Crane and Frank Norris, or else they had gone over to the enemy like Hamlin Garland, who had been the prophet of a new American literature and who by 1900 was writing Western romances to be read in porch swings.

Robinson was to be almost the only survivor among the poets and eventually he became the lonely spokesman for a generation that had vanished. When he attended Harvard as a special

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DRAWING BY MARIANNE DARVIN

student, from 1891 to 1893, the poets there had been a brilliant band which Robinson envied from a distance. Some of the names were William Vaughn Moody, Philip Savage, Hugh McCulloch, Trumbull Stickney and Cabot Lodge. Santayana, another survivor, said of them when they were gone, "All these friends of mine, Stickney especially, of whom I was very fond, were visibly killed by the lack of air to breathe. People were very kind and appreciative to them, as they were to me, but the system was deadly and they hadn't any alternative tradition (as I had) to fall back upon; and, of course, they hadn't the strength of a great intellectual hero who can stand alone." Robinson would have been angry if anyone had called him an intellectual hero, but he had a single-minded devotion to poetry that was lacking in most of the others, besides a stubborn capacity to endure. If asked what he did during the bleak years for American literature after 1902, he might have given the same answer that Abbé Sieyès gave when asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror: "I lived." He lived without writing much verse, but also without betraying his ideals. During the eight months that he worked in the subway he went underground, literally, as serious American writing had figuratively gone underground.

He emerged slowly, as if he had become afraid to live in the sun. The story of his reappearance begins in

1904 at Groton, where Kermit Roosevelt was then a student; he asked one of his instructors for a good book to read. The instructor, who had known the Robinsons in Maine, suggested *The Children of the Night*. Kermit was so impressed by it that he ordered several copies from the publisher and sent one of them to his father in the White House. The President was equally impressed; he read some of Robinson's poems aloud at a cabinet meeting and carried the book along with him on his campaign tour that fall. "What shall we do with Robinson?" he asked the editor of the *Century Magazine*, who had come to interview him for an article on "The President as a Reader." The editor suggested a post in the consular service, but Roosevelt didn't believe that poets should live abroad. In June, 1905, he made Robinson a "special agent" in the New York Custom House at a salary of \$2,000 a year, with the understanding that he should spend his time writing poetry. It was one of the very few occasions—Hawthorne's appointment as consul at Liverpool was another—on which an American President has come to the aid of a talented man of letters.

Still the poetry refused to be written. Robinson was recovering very slowly from the failure of *Captain Craig* and he was spending more time in "shopping"—as he called his nightly tour of the neighborhood saloons—than he was at his writing table. It wasn't until

he lost his post in the Custom House, at the beginning of the Taft administration, that he gathered up courage to write a new book. *The Town Down the River*, as he called this group of poems about New York, was more conventional than his early verse and was more favorably reviewed. It was published by Scribner's in 1910, the same year that *Sister Carrie* was reissued by Harpers. Dreiser and Robinson had never met, but they emerged from obscurity together after suffering the same defeat.

In the poetry revival that began in 1912 Robinson played no direct part; he was bored by the arguments and out of sympathy with many aims of the younger poets. "Do you write free verse?" a stranger asked him and Robinson answered, "No, I write badly enough as it is." He owed a debt, however, to the crusaders for free verse and especially to Amy Lowell, who greatly admired his work. As a result of their campaigns the magazines were printing more poems, including Robinson's, and the public was buying more of his books. His prospects seemed so encouraging that he stopped drinking after a long struggle, during which he told his friend Ridgely Torrence that he felt like "scratching down the stars." He also abandoned the attempt to write plays and novels on which he had wasted three years; once more he gave all his time to verse.

By 1920 the younger poets regarded him as a figure to be revered from a distance. He had two distinctions in their eyes; the first was that, in spite of the wasted years, he had devoted more time to poetry than any other American and had become the finest verse technician writing in the English language, with few rivals in France or Germany. But the second distinction seemed more important: Robinson was then the only American poet who had achieved not merely success but an integrated career and one that was marked by complete absorption in his art. For poetry he had sacrificed everything else: marriage, home, the respect of his neighbors and the hope of rising

in the world. Poetry was his vocation, his avocation and, such as it was, his livelihood, for he lived without teaching or book-reviewing or lecturing or reading from his books; he simply worked and expected to be fed like Elijah by the ravens.

Actually it was his friends who fed him after he lost his post in the Custom House. They were not too rich themselves, but they clubbed together and, beginning in 1916, they gave him an income of \$1,200 a year, sometimes increased by special gifts; it was what he might have earned as a junior instructor in a small college. Not until 1922, when he was 53 years old and had published his *Collected Poems*, did he become completely self-supporting. The gifts he received before that time didn't wound his Yankee pride because he felt that they were being given, not to him as a person, but through him to poetry. Having taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience to his art, he could accept charity as if he were a whole monastic order.

But he paid a price for his defeats and renunciations, in his work as in his life. After the failure of *Captain Craig* he never again displayed the resilience and high spirits of that volume. His humor became a subdued irony and he lost his eagerness for making experiments. What was worse, he seems to have lost most of his intellectual curiosity. He continued to admire the authors he had first read at Harvard in 1891-93 and he showed no interest in the new ideas that were sweeping over the world. He avoided famous persons instead of seeking them out; the company he preferred was that of his close friends or disciples. He traveled only from New York City to New England and back again. He never saw the South or the West, and it was not until 1923 that he made his first trip across the Atlantic. It lasted three months and he came back without crossing the Channel, a little disappointed that he was not more widely known in England.

Having lived for years in miserable surroundings, he became indifferent to

his surroundings; any room would do if it had a bed, a table and a rocking chair. From 1918 to 1922, when he could have afforded a better home, he lived in an old-law tenement in Brooklyn. The dining room was Robinson's study and there he received his guests, including two poets from Harvard. He worked on a golden-oak pedestal table covered with a heavy vomit-colored cotton cloth; behind him was a built-in china closet painted a hideous brown and containing, instead of dishes, neat piles of Sweet Caporal cigarettes in pasteboard boxes. Later I learned that he lived in the flat through kindness for a boyhood friend whose wife had deserted him; but I wondered why Robinson and the friend hadn't moved, as they could easily have done, to a less dismal lodging. The truth seems to have been that he didn't notice the objects around him and wasn't impressed by their shapes or colors. That would explain the bareness of his poems and their lack of visual images.

He was cut off from any functional relationship with the community, as husband, father, employer or employed; he wasn't even a taxpayer until the success of *Tristram* in 1927 earned him a small fortune and enabled him to pay his old debts with New England scrupulosity. He was loyal, modest, full of compassion, and yet his curious separation from society threw him back on himself and forced him to create his characters out of his own mind. He gave them wonderful names—John Evereldown, Luke Haver-gal, Miniver Cheevy—but in his later years he sometimes forgot to give them faces. Some of the long poems that he wrote after *Tristram* are like the conversations of ghosts in unfurnished rooms.

Emery Neff refuses to admit that the poet had limitations. In his *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (William Sloane; \$3.50), a critical biography which is the second volume to appear in the new American Men of Letters Series, he argues that Robinson was not great in spite of his faults, but simply great. He describes the pamphlet that Rob-

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inson had printed at his own expense in 1896 as "the most distinguished first volume by an American poet." It is very good indeed, but is it more distinguished than Emerson's *Poems* (1847) or Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (1855) or Emily Dickinson's *Poems*—the first volume that appeared in 1890 after her death—or T. S. Eliot's *Prufrock* (1917)?

Curiously, the book has little to say about Robinson's verse technique, the feature of his work that particularly interests other poets. Instead Neff asks us to admire Robinson as the inspirational author of "The Man Against the Sky." That poem, he says, "bringing to bear upon the supreme problem of human destiny consummate qualities of intellect, human understanding and art, towers above any other poem written upon American soil." Does it tower above Whitman's "Song of Myself"? or above Hart Crane's "The Bridge"? or even above Robinson's shorter poems? To me it seems to be written with a conventional eloquence that is not Robinson's style at its best; sometimes it suggests William Vaughn Moody. The consummate ideas to be found in the poem are chiefly complaints against scientific materialism in the forms it assumed during the 1890's. What Robinson suggests in place of it is a sort of Buddho-Christianity too vague to be intellectually respectable.

When I first read Neff's book I was greatly impressed by the biographical sections, but that was before I had read Herman Hagedorn's biography of Robinson, which, though published ten years ago, is still the best book about him. Neff has made a fresh study of the sources and has been able to correct Hagedorn on minor points; but he follows the general outlines of the earlier story while omitting some of the liveliest and most revealing episodes; one that I missed was the vain assault on Robinson's virtue by Isadora Duncan. Many of the episodes that do appear would seem to be merely rephrased from the earlier volume. Anyone with the two books open in front of him will find extremely close

parallels (see, for example, Neff's pages 92-3, 103 and 146-7 and compare them with pages 157-8, 156 and 235-6 of Hagedorn). When Neff was following the earlier text so faithfully the courteous thing to do would have been to copy it word for word and put it between quotation marks.

THE REAL EDUCATION

THE YOUNG HENRY ADAMS, by Ernest Samuels (The Harvard University Press; \$4.50).

EVEN THOUGH it takes him only to the verge of his mature and lasting work, Ernest Samuels' study is the first adequate biography of Henry Adams. He has fully realized that the character presented in *The Education of Henry Adams* is one of its author's most subtle creations. He has consequently turned his back upon the old man's ironic evocation of his young self, and has made a fresh start. Out of the abundant record of Adams' early essays and the unceasing flow of his correspondence Samuels has revealed a quite different likeness.

Adams is not a figure many would study for the attractiveness of his personality. In the assessment he made of himself just after his graduation from college he noted two basic traits: "One is a continual tendency towards politics; the other is family pride." That combination could appear very charming to a circle of aristocratic intimates, but beyond that range Adams' mixture of conceit and self-distrust often chilled people into regarding him as simply an acute case of the Harvard man.

The center of Samuels' interest, therefore, is in the development of the mind that was to come to Indian-summer ripeness, as Adams approached seventy, in *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres* and the *Education*, two of the most remarkable books of our intellectual history. These books have played an immensely influential role in heightening our sense of the difference between medieval unity and modern multiplicity. Consequently, Samuels' detailed examination of the genesis

and persistence of Adams' leading ideas constitutes a valuable chapter of our cultural background.

The conservative literary tastes which Adams formed at Harvard during the late eighteen fifties remained with him throughout his life. He always admired Carlyle, and the quieter discipline of Burke upon his own style can be discerned even in his last writings. Guizot first challenged him to press beyond facts to establish the drift of history. But the young man whose Class Oration was permeated with the sense of the gulf between the moral order and the actual world had been permanently affected by a personality closer at hand. It was Agassiz who awakened his interest in science, Agassiz whose religious opposition to evolution was basically anti-rationalist. This influence was unfortunate for Adams' later attempt to establish analogies between science and history. It meant that he had never been compelled to reckon strictly with experimental method before passing on to cosmic generalizations. It may not be too much to attribute to Agassiz's tutelage the first seeds of Adams' final contempt for the intellect no less than for the world.

Despite his declared "tendency towards politics," the evidence shows that from the start the compulsive bias of his mind was inescapably literary. When he kept copies of his letters home from abroad, he was quite aware of the example of the young Horace Walpole. It is fascinating to discover him also responding to the symbolic attraction of the careers pursued by the heroes of Disraeli and Bulwer-Lytton. He aspired to be a Coningsby or a Pelham, as he wore the clothes of a dandy and yet, also like Pelham, pored over Mill's *Essay on Government*. During his years in London as his father's secretary we can see him also agreeing with Buckle that historians were needed of a stature comparable to Kepler or Newton.

It is fitting that the first important historical essay of such a distilled New Englander should have been devoted to undermining the Southern legend

of the heroic John Smith, and to proving that the redoubtable captain was also a tall liar. From this point on, Samuels charts the course of Adams' varied essays on finance and science and current politics before he turned to his brief but brilliant career as a teacher of medieval history. Throughout his early writings one finds foreshadowed themes that were to become central for him later. None is more characteristic than the one he voiced to his brother during the Civil War: "Man has mounted science and is now run away with. I firmly believe that before many centuries more, science will be the master of man. The engines he will have invented will be beyond his strength to control. Some day science may have the existence of mankind in its power, and the human race commit suicide by blowing up the world."

Notwithstanding such thought, Adams still aspired to be a political reformer up until 1876, when he and his family bolted the Republican Party only to find themselves defeated in a fluke election by "a third-rate nonentity," as Adams described Rutherford B. Hayes. That election also cost him his editorship of the *North American Review*, since his strong defense of the role of the independent voter outraged its Republican owners. He retired from the field of action still confirmed in the belief that the remedy for the abuse of economic power lay in private morality. As he was later to write to James Russell Lowell about his reading of Marx: "I think I never struck a book which taught me so much, and with which I disagreed so radically in conclusion."

The winter after Tilden's defeat, the son of Albert Gallatin, Jefferson's great Secretary of the Treasury, asked Adams to edit his father's papers. As he settled to that task at thirty-nine, Adams may not have realized that his real career was just beginning. But his biography of Gallatin was to lead him into his monumental nine-volume *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*. In that work—which lies beyond Samuels' present sphere—Adams was to demonstrate his central political belief: the force of the Constitution in making possible our continued national existence. This *History* took up nearly a dozen years of Adams' life, and then was greeted with the apathy that has been the withering reward of so many of our major works upon their first appearance.

Indeed, unlike Adams' two famous final books, his *History* has not even yet been accorded any close, detailed analysis. So conscious a writer as Adams could hardly have been unmindful of the analogy between his work and Gibbon's. But his subject was a rise, not a fall; he set himself to vindicate America against Europe. That is not the kind of subject associated with the popular image of Adams as the aged eagle appalled by democracy's degradation. His magnificent organization of that subject into one of the greatest achievements of American historiography still invites the critic.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

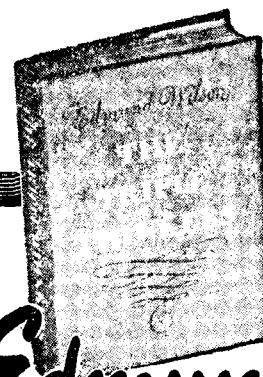
F. O. Matthiessen is a professor of History and Literature at Harvard. His most recent book is *From the Heart of Europe*, a travel journal of experiences in Central Europe last year.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: A Holiday Survey

THE principal criticism to be made of children's books at this season of the year is that there are too many of them. With nothing to go on but the age and sex of a child, the customer soon founders in a confusion of bright colors, odd sizes and a pervasive aura of archness.

That children's books are packaged, and that they must be sold to adults before they get into the hands of their proper readers, are unhappy facts that trouble conscientious publishers and booksellers as much as they do baffled children and affronted parents.

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there are good stories for almost every age, stories that are simply told and presented with humor and imagination. The books listed below will be approved by the young; they can be read aloud, and repeatedly, with minimum pain to adults.

BILLY'S PICTURE; story and pictures by Margret and H. A. Rey (Harpers; 20 pp.; \$1). *Age 2-4*

Billy the Bunny decides to draw a picture, but the puppy, the goose, the porcupine, the rooster, the owl, the mouse and even the elephant want to add their touches. The resulting Porcuphant or Puppygoose sends Billy into tears. Finally, by setting each animal to work on a picture, Billy manages to complete his own. Good nonsense in picture sequence for the very young reader.

BLUEBERRIES FOR SAL; story and pictures by Robert McCloskey (Viking; 54 pp.; \$2). *Age 2-4*

Little Sal and her mother get into a mix-up when they go picking blueberries, for Mother Bear and little bear are on the hill too, and without realizing it the two children switch mothers. The pleasant, simple story is told with humor and has just enough hint of danger to be exciting but maintain good feelings. The



"BLUEBERRIES FOR SAL"

clear, uncluttered drawings have a lovely sweep. The full page of Mother Bear is impressive.

FISH IN THE AIR; story and pictures by Kurt Wiese (Viking; 28 pp.; \$2). *Age 3-5*

When the kite season arrived, Little Fish, the Chinese boy, asked his father for the biggest fish kite in the market. As he was bringing it home, Tai Fung, the Big Wind, suddenly came by and grabbed the kite, with Little Fish hanging on. After a breathtaking ride he is dropped into the river, and lands in a fisherman's net.

The story bowls along and is full of rather obvious humor. The illustrations have personality and provide a reliable introduction to the customs and appearance of the Chinese.

LITTLE OLD AUTOMOBILE; story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets (Viking; 28 pp.; \$1.50). *Age 3-5*

A rather bloodthirsty tale of the little old automobile that refused to wait for his driver. He gave the frog no time to get out of the road, hit the ducks, the cow, the pigs and the farmer's wife. Finally he came a cropper when he refused to wait for the train. Poetic justice is achieved in the last scene when all of the victims of this aggression are shown happily resting on the wreckage.

The illustrations are simple, blunt drawings that show many easily recognizable scenes and animals. Story and pictures will appeal to the individualist who likes his action strong and his moral pointed.

A YEAR IN THE CITY, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell; ill. by Tibor Gergely (Simon and Schuster; 25 cents). *Age 3-5*

There are a number of books with the same plot idea: examining the ways of a big city. This Little Golden book is one of the most successful. It captures the color and excitement of the ordinary happenings in New York without getting mystical, whimsical or overwhelmed by bold, dashing color. The companion volume, *A Year on the Farm*, by the same author and illustrated by Richard Floethe, is good but not quite so eventful.

WONDERFUL STORY BOOK, by Margaret Wise Brown; ill. by J. P. Miller (Simon and Schuster; 92 pp.; \$1.50). *Age 3-6*

"The Terrrrrible Tigerr" who would eat only four-year-old meat and "The Fish with the Deep Sea Smile" who was finally caught only to escape still smiling

are high points of this book. "The Polite Polar Bear" who apologized nicely before eating his victims and "The Little Steamroller" who flattened all who came into his path (including teachers and policemen) will delight the vicarious juvenile delinquent.

Some of the poems could have been dropped and there are a few extra adjectives around, but on the whole it is an entertaining and varied collection. Most of the pieces are short enough to be read aloud before the light is put out.

THE RED CARPET; story and pictures by Rex Parkin (Macmillan; 40 pp.; \$2). *Age 4-6*

The red carpet used only for special occasions by the Hotel Bellevue runs away the day the Duke of Sultana is due to arrive. It races through town right past the office of the Mayor, who orders out the police. The chase goes through the countryside and the carpet finally unrolls itself at the ferry just as the Duke arrives.

Good fun, written in easy rhyme, with clear, colorful pictures that maintain the lively pace set by the verse. The surprise ending to the long chase will be a hit.

THE LAZY BEAVER, by Vernon Bowen; ill. by Jim Davis (McKay; 32 pp.; \$2). *Age 4-6*

The Lazy Beaver was a disgrace to all the busy beavers. The others cut down willow and poplar trees; they built little villages in the deep water of the beaver pond to protect themselves from the foxes, wolves, eagles and lynxes. But the Lazy Beaver just swam and floated and played jokes. Then one day, in the face of threatened discipline, he runs away and gets lost.

After a difficult time he arrives home much chastened and just in time to rescue the whole village.

The illustrations follow along well with the story; the beavers are cute and bright; the eagle, fox, wolf and lynx look browbeaten.

TENGGREN'S COWBOYS AND INDIANS, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson; ill. by Gustaf Tenggren (Simon and Schuster; 96 pp.; \$2). *Age 4-8*

Round-ups, stampedes, horse thieves, rustlers, Panhandle Pete, Grubstake, Sister Sue, Grandpa and the hero, little Jon, are all present in a series of lively stories of the Lazy River Ranch. It is written in the honored tradition of Tom Mix and the Lone Ranger, so you might as well relax and let the kids enjoy themselves. Cowboys and Indians are here to stay.

CREEPER'S JEEP; written and illustrated by Hardie Gramatky (Putnam's; 60 pp.; \$2.25). *Age 5-7*

Children who like stories of animated trains, houses, trucks and cars will love this fast-moving tale of the jeep that lazy "Creep" Perkins won at the County Fair. With various attachments (plow, buzzsaw, milking machine) Creeper now does his work in record time. His stern, hard-working father, suspicious of this sudden change and the "fancy new ways," doesn't take to the poor jeep.

How the jeep first disgraces itself and then comes through in a burst of glory to endear itself to the whole family is the machine-age variation of a well-loved old theme.

AZOR, by Maude Crowley; ill. by Helen Sewell (Oxford; 54 pp.; \$2). *Age 5-8*

All the animals in Marblehead talked to the boy Azor, and told him surprising things—from where to find a lost earring to who sent the unsigned Valentine. Everyone teased Azor and scolded him until he decided not to tell the things he heard—and then a little girl got lost. A gull told him she was asleep under a raft, and there she was found. This is a satisfying story, and the drawings that round it out look like the children and animals as you see them. Larry Freeto, the tomcat next door "who didn't like anyone much," has a wonderful mean look.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG RABBIT SHOULD KNOW, by Carol Denison; ill. by Kurt Wiese (Dodd, Mead; 60 pp.; \$2.25). *Age 5-7*

Every young rabbit should know how to identify the tracks of friends and enemies; how to reconnoiter in proper formation; how to freeze at a warning, how to employ all the tricks of survival that experience has taught his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Puff Tail take the five children for a training expedition. After a long, interesting day they have a great scare from the farmer's watch dog and go racing home. All except the youngest rabbit, who lingers to puzzle over the new tracks he has discovered and which turn out to be his own.

A warm pleasant story of one of children's favorite animals, well-written and beautifully illustrated.

BABAR'S COUSIN: THAT RASCAL ARTHUR; written and illustrated by Laurent DeBrunhoff (Random; 48 pp.; \$3.50). *Age 6-9*

That rascal Arthur goes to Baribarbottan at the seashore with Babar



LARRY FREETO FROM "AZOR"

and Celeste and immediately gets into trouble. He wanders to the airport and, while snooping about a plane, is caught on the tail at the takeoff. Brought safely into the plane, he is given a parachute so that he can descend and catch a train back to Baribarbottan. He lands near El

Talahil in the desert country and starts for home, first by train, then by dromedary.

That outline is fairly typical of a Babar story, and judged by today's product, it stands high. The illustrations are in handsome, muted colors, Arthur is endearing and the story has a cozy quality that makes children comfortable. Those who have loved Babar in the past will probably not quibble at this sequel by DeBrunhoff's son.

But comparison with the other Babar books is inevitable, and Arthur does not measure up. He lacks the personality of the original Babar heroes, and the invention runs thin.

There are no pictures in the new volume that can compare in spirit or detail with that of Babar in pinstripes leaning on the mantel of the old lady's fireplace or taking a ride in the car she bought him (*The Story of Babar*). Arthur is unmistakably in the Babar family, but he is only a cousin.

RIDING THE RAILS; story and pictures by Elizabeth Olds (Houghton Mifflin; 47 pp.; \$2.50). *Age 7-10*

A well-written and exciting account of the growth of American railroads. Little-known anecdotes and facts reflect

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"WHITE BIRDS ISLAND"

the tremendous effort involved in the fulfilment of the great dream of a trans-continental railroad. The illustrations are colorful and accurate and show in fine style the various types of stage-coaches first adapted for railways; the race of the "Tom Thumb" engine against a horse; the building and joining of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY; edited by Henry Steele Commager (Random; 542 pp.; \$5). *Age 8 and up*

The debate on the comparative value of old and new children's writing will be intensified by Commager's book. It offers an excellent opportunity for comparative study but it also contains splendid entertainment. One thing is certain about this collection: the stories are good. They do not depend on illustrative virtuosity to seize and hold interest. The whole family will enjoy the book, though for the elders it will be, despite the editor's protest, in part "an exercise in nostalgia."

WHITE BIRDS ISLAND, by Georgi Skrebitzky; ill. by Henry C. Pitz (Knopf; 542 pp.; \$5). *Age 8 and up*

Peter and his young brother Jack discover and explore a beautiful island which is really a dangerous floating bog. The account of their adventures and of the "island" is filled with suspense and excitement. The book has an eerie quality that will appeal to imaginative children.

MY FATHER'S DRAGON, by Ruth S. Gannett; ill. by Ruth C. Gannett (Random; 87 pp.; \$2). *Age 8-12*

Father, when he was a boy, once rescued the Flying Dragon from the cruel animals on Wild Island. Following the advice of his cat, who had visited the island, he took on his journey some chewing gum, two dozen lollipops, a package of rubber bands, a toothbrush and toothpaste, six magnifying glasses, a very sharp jackknife, a comb and hairbrush, and seven hair ribbons of different colors. These he used to divert the various animals from their carnivorous intentions. It's touch and go, but with the help of the "moody, undependable crocodiles," father completes his mission.

This imaginative story, with the solemn, exaggerated language in the dialogues and the mild little spoonerisms of a nervous mouse, is first-class nonsense and adventure. The indirect storytelling method is a pleasant novelty.

BARNYARD FAMILY, by Dorothy Childs Hogner; ill. by Nils Hogner (Oxford; 70 pp.; \$2.75). *Age 10-14*

The birth, growth and training of seven farm animals are described in detail in this book. Written in straightforward animal-husbandry language, it is interesting and often, perhaps unintentionally, humorous. "At eight months of

age, a kitten officially becomes a cat." Of horses: "Exercise and sunshine help make a muscular body, strong, straight legs, and good feet, without which no horse is worth his oats."

The uncondescending presentation and the clear detailed illustrations make this a fine book to pore over on a long winter afternoon.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE AND THE SECRET LAKE; story and pictures by Hugh Lofting (Lippincott; 366 pp.; \$3). *Age 8 and up*

After fifteen years of retirement devoted to research on immortality, Dr. Dolittle sets forth on a new adventure. In the words of Cheapside, the Doctor's London sparrow, he is "just like the good old Doc. . . . After a trip of three or four thousand miles, 'e jumps out of 'is clothes, 'jumps out of 'is canoe, jumps on an alligator and continues 'is journey on 'orseback under water. . . ."

And it is the good old doctor with only a rather minor irritating addition: like many old men, Dr. Dolittle has taken to philosophizing.

Using the account of the deluge as told him by an antediluvian turtle (Mudface), the doctor promises that he will write a book to show all men the dire consequences of war. The rather high moral fits uneasily into a tale of adventure that is absorbing and exciting.

MYRIAM WILSON

RADIO: Freedom and License

THE Federal Communications Commission has ordered public hearings of charges of news-slanting made against G. A. Richards, principal owner of radio stations KMPC (Los Angeles), WJR (Detroit) and WGAR (Cleveland). Each of these stations operates on the maximum power permitted to any station in the United States, 50,000 watts. They reach millions of listeners in their areas. The Richards case is of importance to every radio listener in the country—and there are receivers now in about 95 percent of American homes.

A look at the FCC order indicates the gravity of the charges. Specifically, the Commission is setting out to determine whether Richards has ever instructed any member of his staffs to:

Give a biased or a one-sided presentation of the news . . . broadcast false news . . . broadcast editorials as news without identification of such editorials as such . . . discriminate in favor of the interests of any political party . . . discriminate in any manner in the programming of stations KMPC, WJR and WGAR, in favor of the private, political, social and economic views of G. A. Richards.

It is illegal for a station licensee to commit any of the acts which the FCC has set down for determination in the allegations made against Richards. The question is: Did Richards do these things, or any of them?

Sworn affidavits published last spring in the trade paper, the *Billboard*, hold that Richards did. A formal complaint filed before the Com-

mission last February by the Radio News Club of Los Angeles says that Richards did. It is on the basis of this complaint that the Commission has ordered the hearing, after finding "the information submitted by the . . . Club raises substantial questions with respect to the qualifications" of Richards to hold a radio license. The Commission had its own investigators go through the files at the three stations, but their report has not yet been made public. An investigation was also conducted by the Commission on Law and Social Action of the American Jewish Congress.

On Richards' side there have been denials and explanations. These will be noted. But first to the specific charges.

A sworn affidavit has been made by Clete Roberts, KMPC director of public affairs from January, 1947, to February, 1948. Roberts deposes:

. . . As director of public affairs, I was responsible for all news activities on the station. Shortly after entering the employ of KMPC, I was instructed by Mr. Richards to watch closely the political reporting on KMPC. Mr. Richards made it clear to me that he wanted all news broadcasts and commentaries "slanted" in favor of his, the Republican, party.

According to the Roberts affidavit, Richards

. . . suggested heavy quotations from speeches by GOP party leaders, and ordered me to see that the newsmen ignored or "played down" utterances of President Truman whom he described as a "fool." . . .

Instructed me to delete all news items favorable to . . . Helen Gahagan Douglas, whom he charged with consorting with Jews.

Laid down a blanket rule for newscasts to contain material attacking the Roosevelt family whenever possible—this order including a demand that news stories be slanted so as to discredit the late President Roosevelt.

Ordered me to instruct the KMPC newsmen to make a policy of seeking out stories unfavorable to Jews. . . . He desired that stories relating to Jews be linked with, or followed by, items concerning Communists . . . that Communist-Jew be linked together whenever possible for the radio listener.

Richards fired Roberts because, among other things (Roberts says

under oath), the commentator had reported that General MacArthur is gray-haired now.

Roberts has produced other interesting material from his KMPC files. He has a copy of a letter from Richards to Robert O. Reynolds, vice-president of KMPC. That letter is dated January 21, 1948, and lays down the big chief's line for a meeting of the brass of his three stations. The matter of greatest importance shaping up for 1948—more important than technical broadcasting developments like FM and television—was seen by Richards as "one of a new administration in Washington." His letter continues:

Again, I warn you all [station executives] that without this change our great Country is in for a terrible going over. . . . We need new, vigorous, honest, Christian leadership. The kind that Dewey or Taft or MacArthur could furnish.

My personal preference, as you have known for years, is Dewey. . . .

He is a Christian man, with a fine wife and family, who all Americans would be very proud to look up to and follow his leadership.

There is a copy of a letter sent to Richards, in January of 1947, by Representative Bertrand W. Gearhart, of California. In that letter, the congressman seemed to coin the term "workingman's bill of rights" for the Taft-Hartley measure. Richards sent the letter to Roberts with this note in the margin: "Clete—Use the workingman's bill of rights over & over on newscasts."

Hearst editorials were sent by Richards to Roberts with a covering note: "Get on our air—over, and over, and over again."

A note written in hand by Richards, on stationery of the Detroit Athletic Club, advises Roberts: "We should learn to beat the New Dealers with their attacks on business & other issues. . . . Beat them to the punch—accuse them of everything under the sun. . . . Put them on the defensive."

On the margin of another letter,

*"For I was hungry
and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty
and ye gave me drink;
I was a stranger
and ye took me in."*

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Richards noted: "Clete—you should be on Pettengill's, Benson's, Close & other mailing lists that are trying to preserve American liberties." The three named are Samuel B. Pettengill, the well-known "Gentleman from Indiana"; radio commentator, publisher and Hearst columnist Upton Close; and George S. Benson, president of Harding College, located at Searcy, Arkansas.

A letter to Richards from Edward T. Ingle, radio director for the Republican National Committee, bears another memo from Richards endorsing Ingle's plea that KMPC do right by a recorded broadcast which seemed "on the beam" to the GOP's man.

There are other affidavits. Two are by men employed at one time by Richards but now in radio jobs elsewhere. One swears that Richards dictated the selection of lead items for newscasts, and that all these lead items "dealt with hate for all minorities. . . . He had pet hates." The same affidavit relates: "When Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was involved in an automobile accident, Richards telephoned, asked me whether it would not be possible to intimate . . . that she was intoxicated . . . without definitely stating it as a fact."

On the basis of an affidavit which I saw in its possession, the American Jewish Congress charges: "Wallace was another figure who was made the butt of Richards' crude detractions. On some occasions [when Henry A. Wallace was still in the Truman cabinet] he forbade mention of Wallace by name. On other occasions, he directed that . . . stories involving him were to be tied up with Russia and Communism."

A former KMPC commentator (and he was sponsored, at that!) swears that his attitude on the air, favoring the Fair Employment Practice Commission, was interpreted by Richards, in a personal interview, as anti-American and "communistic." He said Richards insisted he would not tolerate "this Communist talk over my station."

There is a good deal more of the kind. The American Jewish Congress

concludes, in a memorandum prepared for presentation to the FCC:

The evidence leaves no doubt that Richards fomented hatred against minorities . . . devoted a public franchise to partisan purposes . . . flouted the Commission's Mayflower rule [which forbids editorialization by broadcasters] and that he demonstrated himself to be utterly incapable of discharging the obligations of fairness and impartiality imposed on radio licensees.

The FCC is not sure. Although it could have ordered hearings to determine whether Richards' licenses should be revoked, the probe is seen by *Broadcasting*, spokesman for the industry, as merely "a hearing to determine whether a hearing should be held."

Commissioner E. M. Webster, a conscientious public officer, listed officially as "independent" in politics, will conduct the hearings in Los Angeles, probably in January. Then there may be hearings in Detroit and Cleveland, perhaps in Washington. After that the Commission is to decide whether to institute hearings on a revocation order!

No one seems to be in a hurry. Certainly Richards isn't. Operating in his favor are delay and public apathy. The newspapers have more important fish to fry. The radio is silent.

Richards has already filed two answers. One is by the shiniest of his defenders, Frank E. Mullen, former executive vice-president of the NBC network.

Mullen was hired by Richards in May, and is now president of the corporations owning all three of the Richards stations. For quitting the lifetime job which he had with NBC, Mullen is getting \$100,000 a year—plus a 20-percent slice of KMPC stock and a nibble at the very rich WJR property. Pages of Mullen's affidavit, filed before the FCC, are given over to a detailing of his own undoubtedly impeccable character and broad experience. Mullen has never been indicted for news-slanting—either at NBC or elsewhere. Mullen's good reputation is expected to weigh heavily. But he wasn't hired for that reason. It seems Richards has been in poor health since 1938, according to his affidavit.

In his personal reply, Richards depends chiefly on the Flag. He has been an ardent "crusader against Communism and for Americanism. . . . Too many persons in this country, knowingly or unknowingly, have been or are Communists or are acting as the tools . . . of Soviet Russia."

As for religious bigotry, Richards pleads: "Affiant's background and his bringing up by his mother have made him tolerant of all beliefs except where they threaten the security of the country." If anyone misunderstood Richards, he is sorry. He swears:

Affiant's intensity of conviction . . . together with his impulsiveness at times, may have led him to make mistakes as to particular individuals or in his manner of expression or phraseology. . . . In particular, affiant has never had any prejudice against Jews, either individually or as a group. . . . If, in any of his utterances, anything different has been implied, affiant sincerely regrets such utterances, and states they were not intended to have such meaning.

The principal counsel for Richards is an expert in broadcasting law, Louis G. Caldwell, who is also attorney for Colonel McCormick's WGN in Chicago and for the radio-television interests of the New York *Daily News*. There will be other noted lawyers appearing on Richards' behalf, including former Senator Burton K. Wheeler.

Richards has also hired another man, to make a content analysis of his stations' newscasts. That man is E. Z. Dimitman, former executive editor of the Chicago *Sun* and Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Dimitman was also Pennsylvania State Capital liaison man for the late Moe Annenberg.

One final reliance of Richards is "Free Speech Mike." He is a cunning little fellow who graces Richards' full-page, black-white-and-red advertisements in some of the radio trade papers. Through "Free Speech Mike," Richards pleads, inferentially, for the industry's support in his crusade to keep "our American freedoms." "Mike," of course, has a star-spangled hat. But he does not define the kind of "American freedoms" that worry him.

SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: Light Up the Box Office

SOME PLAYS demand thought; others require that you put yourself in their mood. With most shows you have only to *decide* that you are going to like them. This must be the case with the musical "As the Girls Go" (at the Winter Garden). In the sense that a show is an efficient and pleasurable construction of diverse theatrical elements, this new Mike Todd production does not exist. As an excuse to get Bobby Clark and a lot of spectacularly perpendicular girls on the stage, it is a wow. The reviewers and a large public have decided to like it.

Bobby Clark is as much a tradition of the American stage as a Barnum and Bailey poster. He is a funny man. He looks like a vulgar caricature of Harry Truman in the guise of a circus clown. He is the small businessman on a spree. His irrepressible prankishness and almost obscene nonconformity within the lineaments of the "average" Elk or Shriner personality are weird as well as comic. It is as if in Bobby Clark the lower-middle-class citizen—like the salesman or the small manufacturer one sees in the commercial hotels of Cincinnati, St. Louis and Detroit—had found his perfect reflection, so that he might both boast of his absurd good fellowship and apologize for it. In "As the Girls Go" Clark's verbal humor is wretched, the tricks no longer fresh, though still hilarious.

As for the girls, the reviewers and the audience react to them as if they had never seen any before. The reason for this is that Mike Todd, with crass and cunning showmanship, has brought back to the musical-comedy stage the old-fashioned showgirl, unregenerated by the nobler influences of esthetic choreography. After all there are permanent values in the theatre: streamlined lechery is one of them.

To categorize Moss Hart's latest play, "Light Up the Sky," one has simply to say that it is a hit. This is not an evasion, for there is a distinction

between the play that becomes a hit through accident and a play that is a hit by design, a special order of play-writing. If "Light Up the Sky" had not come off, it would have had to be described as a hit that failed—for its aim is pointed only at the bull's-eye. The success of "Light Up the Sky" is essential to its nature.

It is easy enough to recognize this kind of play, but difficult to define it. It is no more sufficient to determine to turn out a hit than it would be to plan to write a great tragedy. In either case

one must have a knack for one's job. Moss Hart has the knack for his.

To write a hit one must have above all the desire to please and one must know what pleases one's particular audience. "Light Up the Sky" is about show business in the sense that "Once in a Lifetime" was about Hollywood. Theatre people are represented as lovable rascals, egomaniacs, poltroons, occasionally redeemed by talent, nerve and good luck. Sincere authors are shown to be either willing or reluctant victims of this crazy crowd.

One cannot make much comment on this picture of show business, because while there is enough "truth" in it to win an easy assent, there is so little actual human substance or particulari-

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zation that one cannot speak seriously of any theme, thesis or point of view. This, however, is part of the technique for writing hits. The total effect is to convince us that most of the so-called characters are fairly worthless specimens and that what is lovable is lent them by the actors and by the tolerance (or moral indifference) the audience will always supply when it expects to be repaid in entertainment.

Above and beyond this is the peculiar energy which is the chief characteristic of the hit play. A good-time atmosphere is established like a brightly lit party at which the guests all talk loud, laugh hard, slap each other on the back, exchange bright quips—some of them funny, some of them only fun-loving.

A brisk directorial pace is set so that the audience gets no chance to ask

questions, and the actors shout in expert stylization that has the same relation to reality that a brash display ad has to ordinary speech. The company that plays "Light Up the Sky" is good—Audrey Christie, Phyllis Povah, Sam Levene, Barry Nelson and Bartlett Robinson notably so.

For the record: I served as stage director for "The Young and Fair," by N. Richard Nash (at the Fulton). The play is set in a girls' school; its theme is the danger of moral compromise. The play's virtues and defects derive from the melodramatic (or schematic) technique with which the young author has attempted to treat his subject. Most of the reviewers found the play studded with exciting performances—an opinion with which I am pleased to concur. **HAROLD CLURMAN**

MOVIES: This Is Romance

THE CONSEQUENCE of displeasing the shade of a Barbary ape, whose power to avenge itself extended from the time of the Crusades down to within a generation or two of the present, is the somber theme of J. Arthur Rank's Gothic melodrama, "Blanche Fury," adapted from a novel by Joseph Shearing.

A family of upstarts has inherited Clare, the ancestral home of the Furies, has appropriated the family name and reduced the only real Fury on the place, unhappily born out of wedlock, to the post of steward. Into this restive atmosphere comes an impoverished niece (Valerie Hobson), who shortly marries the mollicoddle pretender to Clare for reasons of position but takes to visiting the steward (Stewart Granger) after hours for reasons of her own.

At this point, the ape, who accompanied the first of the Furies on a journey to the Holy Land, takes over the situation. The false Furies go down like tenpins, the bastard Fury strides to the gallows with a sneer on his lips and Blanche Fury dies in childbirth.

But the infant boy, whose paternity is in no doubt whatever, survives to inherit Clare and the ape is satisfied.

This is easy stuff to kid, but the chances are that you will be satisfied too. The picture is handsomely photographed in color; the setting, I would guess, is one of the stately homes of England whose owners have discovered that a visit from Rank goes far to pay the estate taxes. Valerie Hobson is extremely beautiful and more than a little reminiscent of Lady Chatterly, and Stewart Granger, when he isn't struck dumb by his own superb countenance, makes a dashing figure around the stables. There's a lot of horsemanship, a touch of Gypsy arson and a number of vintage English gentry. It won't do to examine its seams too closely (the abrupt personality switches must particularly be overlooked) but there are worse ways than "Blanche Fury" to waste an evening.

The new arrival from France, "Street of Shadows," has been a long time on the way. It is a Mata Hari thriller (locale Salonika) of the last

war and must have been made shortly after the Treaty of Versailles.

By a coincidence, which has not escaped the notice of the exhibitor here, the picture presents the following: Louis Jouvet, Viviane Romance, Pierre Fresnay, Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Blanchar. They all look rather younger than we know them (Barrault looks like a child in his eccentric little bit part) and there is a daguerreotype charm to seeing such eminent folk mixed up with cloaks and daggers.

Beyond that, "Street of Shadows" is formula espionage of the baroque period before secret agents took to pulling out one another's fingernails. The venture seems faintly fraudulent with the date of production so blandly suppressed, and the fact that Pabst directed it is only a matter for wonder.

ROBERT HATCH

BANDWAGON

Becoming Modesty

Schacht, who was cleared of war-crimes charges at Nuremberg, denied he was in hiding.

"But I must admit that I have tried to keep out of the way for a while," he said. — *UP dispatch from Hamburg.*

The Long View

For instance, Dr. Woodward was asked to view carefully the [WPA-created] mural entitled "Jedediah Smith Near San Gabriel—1826," on the theory that costumes of the pictured figures are strikingly akin to the typical dress of Communist Russia. — *From the Los Angeles Times.*

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